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EXPERIMENTS IN GOVERNMENT AND THE ESSENTIALS OF THE CONSTITUTION—I.

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THE familiar saying that nothing is settled until it is settled right expresses only a half-truth. Questions of general and permanent importance are seldom finally settled. A very wise man has said that "short of the multiplication table there is no truth and no fact which must not be proved over again as if it had never been proved, from time to time." Conceptions of social rights and obligations and the institutions based upon them continue unquestioned for long periods as postulates in all discussions upon questions of government. Whatever conduct conforms to them is assumed to be right. Whatever is at variance with them is assumed to be wrong. Then a time comes when, with apparent suddenness, the ground of discussion shifts and the postulates are denied. They cease to be accepted without proof and the whole controversy in which they were originally established is fought over again.

The people of the United States appear now to have entered upon such a period of re-examination of their sys-

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tem of government. Not only are political parties denouncing old abuses and demanding new laws, but essential principles embodied in the Federal Constitution of 1787, and long followed in the constitutions of all the States, are questioned and denied. The wisdom of the founders of the Republic is disputed and the political ideas which they repudiated are urged for approval.

I wish to present some observations which may have a useful application in the course of this process.

There are two separate processes going on among the civilized nations at the present time. One is an assault by Socialism against the individualism which underlies the social system of Western civilization. The other is an assault against existing institutions upon the ground that they do not adequately protect and develop the existing social order. It is of this latter process in our own country that I wish to speak, and I assume an agreement, that the right of individual liberty and the inseparable right of private property which lie at the foundation of our modern civilization ought to be maintained.

The conditions of life in America have changed very much since the Constitution of the United States was adopted. In 1787 each State entering into the Federal Union had preserved the separate organic life of the original colony. Each had its center of social and business and political life. Each was separated from the others by the barriers of slow and difficult communication. In a vast territory, without railroads or steamships or telegraph or telephone, each community lived within itself.

Now, there has been a general social and industrial rearrangement. Production and commerce pay no attention to State lines. The life of the country is no longer grouped about State capitals, but about the great centers of continental production and trade. The organic growth which must ultimately determine the form of institutions has been away from the mere union of States toward the union of individuals in the relation of national citizenship.

The same causes have greatly reduced the independence of personal and family life. In the eighteenth century life was simple. The producer and consumer were near together and could find each other. Every one who had an equivalent to give in property or service could readily secure

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the support of himself and his family without asking anything from government except the preservation of order. To-day almost all Americans are dependent upon the action of a great number of other persons mostly unknown. About half of our people are crowded into the cities and large towns. Their food, clothes, fuel, light, water—all come from distant sources, of which they are in the main ignorant, through a vast, complicated machinery of production and distribution with which they have little direct relation. If anything occurs to interfere with the working of the machinery, the consumer is individually helpless. To be certain that he and his family may continue to live he must seek the power of combination with others, and in the end he inevitably calls upon that great combination of all citizens which we call government to do something more than merely keep the peace—to regulate the machinery of production and distribution and safeguard it from interference so that it shall continue to work.

A similar change has taken place in the conditions under which a great part of our people engage in the industries by which they get their living. Under comparatively simple industrial conditions the relation between employer and employee was mainly a relation of individual to individual with individual freedom of contract and freedom of opportunity essential to equality in the commerce of life. Now, in the great manufacturing, mining, and transportation industries of the country, instead of the free give and take of individual contract, there is substituted a vast system of collective bargaining between great masses of men organized and acting through their representatives, or the individual on the one side accepts what he can get from superior power on the other. In the movement of these mighty forces of organization the individual laborer, the individual stockholder, the individual consumer, is helpless.

There has been another change of conditions through the development of political organization. The theory of political activity which had its origin approximately in the administration of President Jackson, and which is characterized by Marcy's declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils," tended to make the possession of office the primary and all-absorbing purpose of political conflict. A complicated system of party organization and representation grew up under which a disciplined body of party

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workers in each State supported one another, controlled the machinery of nomination, and thus controlled nominations. The members of State legislatures and other officers, when elected, felt a more acute responsibility to the organization which could control their renomination than to the electors, and therefore became accustomed to shape their conduct according to the wishes of the nominating organization. Accordingly the real power of government came to be vested to a high degree in these unofficial political organizations, and where there was a strong man at the head of an organization his control came to be something very closely approaching dictatorship. Another feature of this system aggravated its evils. As population grew, political campaigns became more expensive. At the same time, as wealth grew, corporations for production and transportation increased in capital and extent of operations and became more dependent upon the protection or toleration of government. They found a ready means to secure this by contributing heavily to the campaign funds of political organizations, and therefore their influence played a large part in determining who should be nominated and elected to office. So that in many States political organizations controlled the operations of government, in accordance with the wishes of the managers of the great corporations. Under these circumstances our governmental institutions were not working as they were intended to work, and a desire to break up and get away from this extra constitutional method of controlling our constitutional government has caused a great part of the new political methods of the last few years.

It is manifest that the laws which were entirely adequate under the conditions of a century ago to secure individual and public welfare must be in many respects inadequate to accomplish the same results under all these new conditions; and our people are now engaged in the difficult but imperative duty of adapting their laws to the life of today. The changes in conditions have come very rapidly and a good deal of experiment will be necessary to find out just what government can do and ought to do to meet them.

The process of devising and trying new laws to meet new conditions naturally leads to the question whether we need not merely to make new laws, but also to modify the

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principles upon which our government is based and the institutions of government designed for the application of those principles to the affairs of life. Upon this question it is of the utmost importance that we proceed with considerable wisdom.

By institutions of government I mean the established rule or order of action through which the sovereign (in our case the sovereign people) attains the ends of government. The governmental institutions of Great Britain have been established by the growth through many centuries of a great body of accepted rules and customs which, taken together, are called the British Constitution. In this country we have set forth in the Declaration of Independence the principles which we consider to lie at the basis of civil society "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

In our Federal and State Constitutions we have established the institutions through which these rights are to be secured. We have declared what officers shall make the laws, what officers shall execute them, what officers shall sit in judgment upon claims of right under them. We have prescribed how these officers shall be selected and the tenure by which they shall hold their offices. We have limited them in the powers which they are to exercise, and, where it has been deemed necessary, we have imposed specific duties upon them. The body of rules thus prescribed constitute the governmental institutions of the United States.

When proposals are made to change these institutions there are certain general considerations which should be observed.

The first consideration is that free government is impossible except through prescribed and established governmental institutions, which work out the ends of government through many separate human agents, each doing his part in obedience to law. Popular will cannot execute itself directly except through a mob. Popular will cannot get itself executed through an irresponsible executive, for that is simple autocracy. An executive limited only by the direct expression of popular will cannot be held to responsibility

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against his will, because, having possession of all the powers of government, he can prevent any true, free, and general expression adverse to himself, and unless he yields voluntarily he can be overturned only by a revolution. The familiar Spanish-American dictatorships are illustrations of this. A dictator once established by what is or is alleged to be public choice never permits an expression of public will which will displace him, and he goes out only through a new revolution because he alone controls the machinery through which he could be displaced peaceably. A system with a plebiscite at one end and Louis Napoleon at the other could not give France free government; and it was only after the humiliation of defeat in a great war and the horrors of the Commune that the French people were able to establish a government which would really execute their will through carefully devised institutions in which they gave their chief executive very little power indeed.

We should, therefore, reject every proposal which involves the idea that the people can rule merely by voting, or merely by voting and having one man or group of men to execute their will.

A second consideration is that in estimating the value of any system of governmental institutions due regard must be had to the true functions of government and to the limitations imposed by nature upon what it is possible for government to accomplish. We all know, of course, that we cannot abolish all the evils in this world by statute or by the enforcement of statutes, nor can we prevent the inex orable law of nature which decrees that suffering shall follow vice, and all the evil passions and folly of mankind. Law cannot give to depravity the rewards of virtue, to indolence the rewards of industry, to indifference the rewards of ambition, or to ignorance the rewards of learning. The utmost that government can do is measurably to protect men, not against the wrong they do themselves, but against wrong done by others, and to promote the long, slow process of educating mind and character to a better knowledge and nobler standards of life and conduct. We know all this, but when we see how much misery there is in the world and instinctively cry out against it, and when we see some things that government may do to mitigate it, we are apt to forget how little, after all, it is possible for any gov-

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ernment to do, and to hold the particular government of the time and place to a standard of responsibility which no government can possibly meet. The chief motive power which has moved mankind along the course of development which we call the progress of civilization has been the sum total of intelligent selfishness in a vast number of individuals, each working for his own support, his own gain, his own betterment. It is that which has cleared the forests and cultivated the fields and built the ships and railroads, made the discoveries and inventions, covered the earth with commerce, softened by intercourse the enmities of nations and races, and made possible the wonders of literature and of art. Gradually, during the long process, selfishness has grown more intelligent, with a broader view of individual benefit from the common good, and gradually the influences of nobler standards of altruism, of justice, and human sympathy have impressed themselves upon the conception of right conduct among civilized men. But the complete control of such motives will be the millennium. Any attempt to enforce a millennial standard now by law must necessarily fail, and any judgment which assumes government's responsibility to enforce such a standard must be an unjust judgment. Indeed, no such standard can ever be forced. It must come, not by superior force, but from the changed nature of man, from his willingness to be altogether just and merciful.

A third consideration is that it is not merely useless, but injurious for government to attempt too much. It is manifest that to enable it to deal with the new conditions I have described we must invest government with authority to interfere with the individual conduct of the citizen to a degree hitherto unknown in this country. When government undertakes to give the individual citizen protection by regulating the conduct of others toward him in the field where formerly he protected himself by his freedom of contract, it is limiting the liberty of the citizen whose conduct is regulated and taking a step in the direction of paternal government. While the new conditions of industrial life make it plainly necessary that many such steps shall be taken, they should be taken only so far as they are necessary and are effective. Interference with individual liberty by government should be jealously watched and restrained, because the habit of undue interference destroys that inde-

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pendence of character without which in its citizens no free government can endure.

We should not forget that while institutions receive their form from national character, they have a powerful reflex influence upon that character. Just so far as a nation allows its institutions to be molded by its weaknesses of character rather than by its strength, it creates an influence to increase weakness at the expense of strength.

The habit of undue interference by government in private affairs breeds the habit of undue reliance upon government in private affairs at the expense of individual initiative, energy, enterprise, courage, independent manhood.

The strength of self-government and the motive power of progress must be found in the characters of the individual citizens who make up a nation. Weaken individual character among a people by comfortable reliance upon paternal government and a nation soon becomes incapable of free self-government and fit only to be governed: the higher and nobler qualities of national life that make for ideals and effort and achievement become atrophied and the nation is decadent.

A fourth consideration is that in the nature of things all government must be imperfect because men are imperfect. Every system has its shortcomings and inconveniences; and these are seen and felt as they exist in the system under which we live, while the shortcomings and inconveniences of other systems are forgotten or ignored.

It is not unusual to see governmental methods reformed and after a time, long enough to forget the evils that caused the change, to have a new movement for a reform which consists in changing back to substantially the same old methods that were cast out by the first reform.

The recognition of shortcomings or inconveniences in government is not by itself sufficient to warrant a change of system. There should be also an effort to estimate and compare the shortcomings and inconveniences of the system to be substituted, for although they may be different they will certainly exist.

A fifth consideration is that whatever changes in government ought to be made, we should follow the method which undertakes as one of its cardinal points to hold fast that which is good. Francis Lieber, whose affection for the

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country of his birth equaled his loyalty to the country of his adoption, once said:

"There is this difference between the English, French, and Germans: That the English only change what is necessary and as far as it is necessary; the French plunge into all sorts of novelties by whole masses, get into a chaos, see that they are fools, and retrace their steps as quickly, with a high degree of practical sense in all this unpracticability; the Germans attempt no change without first recurring to first principles and metaphysics beyond them, systematizing the smallest details in their minds; and when at last they mean to apply all their meditation, opportunity, with its wide and swift wings of a gull, is gone."

This was written more than sixty years ago, before the present French Republic and the present German Empire, and Lieber would doubtless have modified his conclusions in view of those great achievements in government if he were writing to-day. But he does correctly indicate the differences of method and the dangers avoided by the practical course which he ascribes to the English and in accordance with which the great structure of British and American liberty has been built up generation after generation and century after century. Through all the seven hundred years since Magna Charta we have been shaping, adjusting, adapting our system to the new conditions of life as they have arisen, but we have always held on to everything essentially good that we have ever had in the system. We have never undertaken to begin over again and build up a new system under the idea that we could do it better. We have never let go of Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights or the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution. When we take account of all that governments have sought to do and have failed to do in this selfish and sinful world, we find that as a rule the application of new theories of government, though devised by the most brilliant constructive genius, have availed but little to preserve the people of any considerable regions of the earth for any long periods from the evils of despotism on the one hand or of anarchy on the other, or to raise any considerable portion of the mass of mankind above the hard conditions of oppression and misery. And we find that our system of government which has been built up in this practical way through so many centuries, and the whole history of which is potent in the provisions of our Constitution, has done more to preserve liberty, justice, security, and freedom of opportunity for many people for a long period and over

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a great portion of the earth, than any other system of government ever devised by man. Human nature does not change very much. The forces of evil are hard to control now as they always have been. It is easy to fail and hard to succeed in reconciling liberty and order. In dealing with this most successful body of governmental institutions the question should not be what sort of government do you or I think we should have. What you and I think on such a subject is of very little value indeed. The question should be:

How can we adapt our laws and the workings of our government to the new conditions which confront us without sacrificing any essential element of this system of government which has so nobly stood the test of time and without abandoning the political principles which have inspired the growth of its institutions? For there are political principles, and nothing can be more fatal to self-government than to lose sight of them under the influence of apparent expediency.

In attempting to answer this question we need not trouble ourselves very much about the multitude of excited controversies which have arisen over new methods of extra constitutional-political organization and procedure. Direct nominations, party enrollments, instructions to delegates, Presidential-preference primaries, independent nominations, all relate to forms of voluntary action outside the proper field of governmental institutions. All these new political methods are the result of efforts of the rank and file of voluntary parties to avoid being controlled by the agents of their own party organization, and to get away from real evils in the form of undue control by organized minorities with the support of organized capital. None of these expedients is an end in itself. They are tentative, experimental. They are movements not toward something definite, but away from something definite. They may be inconvenient or distasteful to some of us, but no one need be seriously disturbed by the idea that they threaten our system of government. If they work well they will be an advantage. If they work badly they will be abandoned and some other expedient will be tried, and the ultimate outcome will doubtless be an improvement upon the old methods.

There is another class of new methods which do relate

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to the structure of government and which call for more serious consideration here. Chief in this class are:

The Initiative; that is to say, direct legislation by vote of the people upon laws proposed by a specified number or proportion of the electors.

The Compulsory Referendum; that is to say, a requirement that under certain conditions laws that have been agreed upon by a legislative body shall be referred to a popular vote and become operative only upon receiving a majority vote.

The Recall of Officers before the expiration of the terms for which they have been elected by a vote of the electors to be had upon the demand of a specified number or proportion of them.

The Popular Review of Judicial Decisions upon constitutional questions; that is to say, a provision under which, when a court of last resort has decided that a particular law is invalid, because in conflict with a constitutional provision, the law may nevertheless be made valid by a popular vote.

Some of these methods have been made a part of the constitutional system of a considerable number of our States. They have been accompanied invariably by provisions for very short and easy changes of State Constitutions, and, so long as they are confined to the particular States which have chosen to adopt them, they may be regarded as experiments which we may watch with interest, whatever may be our opinions as to the outcome, and with the expectation that if they do not work well they also will be abandoned. This is especially true because, since the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the States are prohibited from violating in their own affairs the most important principles of the National Constitution. It is not to be expected, however, that new methods and rules of action in government shall become universal in the States and not ultimately bring about a change in the national system. It will be useful, therefore, to consider whether these new methods if carried into the national system would sacrifice any of the essentials of that system which ought to be preserved.

The Constitution of the United States deals in the main with essentials. There are some non-essential directions such as those relating to the methods of election and of

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legislation, but in the main it sets forth the foundations of government in clear, simple, concise terms. It is for this reason that it has stood the test of more than a century with but slight amendment, while the modern State Constitutions, into which a multitude of ordinary statutory provisions are crowded, have to be changed from year to year. The peculiar and essential qualities of the government established by the Constitution are:

First, it is representative.

Second, it recognizes the liberty of the individual citizen as distinguished from the total mass of citizens, and it protects that liberty by specific limitations upon the power of government.

Third, it distributes the legislative, executive, and judicial powers, which make up the sum total of all government, into three separate departments, and specifically limits the powers of the officers in each department.

Fourth, it superimposes upon a federation of State governments a national government with sovereignty acting directly not merely upon the States, but upon the citizens of each State, within a line of limitation drawn between the powers of the national government and the powers of the State governments.

Fifth, it makes observance of its limitations requisite to the validity of laws, whether passed by the nation or by the States, to be judged by the courts of law in each concrete case as it arises.

Every one of these five characteristics of the government established by the Constitution was a distinct advance beyond the ancient attempts at popular government, and the elimination of any one of them would be a retrograde movement and a reversion to a former and discarded type of government. In each case it would be the abandonment of a distinctive feature of government which has succeeded, in order to go back and try again the methods of government which have failed. Of course we ought not to take such a backward step except under the pressure of inevitable necessity.

The first two of the characteristics which I have enumerated, those which embrace the conception of representative government and the conception of individual liberty, were the products of the long process of development of freedom in England and America. They were not invented by the

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makers of the Constitution. They have been called inventions of the Anglo-Saxon race. They are the chief contributions of that race to the political development of civilization.

The expedient of representation first found its beginning in the Saxon witenagemot. It was lost in the Norman conquest. It was restored step by step, through the centuries in which Parliament established its power as an institution through the granting or withholding of aids and taxes for the king's use. It was brought to America by the English colonists. It was the practice of the colonies which formed the Federal Union. It entered into the Constitution as a matter of course, because it was the method by which modern liberty had been steadily growing stronger and broader for six centuries as opposed to the direct, unrepresentative method of government in which the Greek and Roman and Italian republics had failed. This representative system has in its turn impressed itself upon the nations which derived their political ideas from Rome and has afforded the method through which popular liberty has been winning forward in its struggle against royal and aristocratic power and privilege the world over. Bluntschli, the great Heidelberg publicist of the last century, says:

> "Representative government and self-government are the great works of the English and American peoples. The English have produced representative monarchy with parliamentary legislation and parliamentary government. The Americans have produced the representative republic. We Europeans upon the Continent recognize in our turn that in representative government alone lies the hoped-for union between civil order and popular liberty."

The Initiative and Compulsory Referendum are attempts to cure the evils which have developed in our practice of representative government by means of a return to the old, unsuccessful, and discarded method of direct legislation and by rehabilitating one of the most impracticable of Rousseau's theories. Every candid student of our governmental affairs must agree that the evils to be cured have been real and that the motive which has prompted the proposal of the Initiative and Referendum is commendable. I do not think that these expedients will prove wise or successful ways of curing these evils for reasons which I will presently indicate; but it is not necessary to assume that their trial

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will be destructive of our system of government. They do not aim to destroy representative government, but to modify and control it, and were it not that the effect of these particular methods is likely to go beyond the intention of their advocates they would not interfere seriously with representative government except in so far as they might ultimately prove to be successful expedients. If they did not work satisfactorily they would be abandoned, leaving representative government still in full force and effectiveness.

There is now a limited use of the Referendum upon certain comparatively simple questions. No one has ever successfully controverted the view expressed by Burke in his letter to the electors of Bristol, that his constituents were entitled not merely to his vote, but to his judgment, even though they might not agree with it. But there are some questions upon which the determining fact must be the preference of the people of the country or of a community; such as the question where a capital city or a county seat shall be located; the question whether a debt shall be incurred that will be a lien on their property for a specific purpose; the question whether the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be permitted. Upon certain great simple questions which are susceptible of a *yes* or *no* answer it is appropriate that the people should be called upon to express their wish by a vote just as they express their choice of the persons who shall exercise the powers of government by a vote. This, however, is very different from undertaking to have the ordinary powers of legislation exercised at the ballot-box.

In this field the weakness, both of the Initiative and of the Compulsory Referendum, is that they are based upon a radical error as to what constitutes the true difficulty of wise legislation. The difficulty is not to determine what ought to be accomplished, but to determine how to accomplish it. The affairs with which statutes have to deal as a rule involve the working of a great number and variety of motives incident to human nature, and the working of those motives depends upon complicated and often obscure facts of production, trade, social life, with which men generally are not familiar and which require study and investigation to understand. Thrusting a rigid prohibition or command into the operation of these forces is apt to produce quite

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unexpected and unintended results. Moreover, we already have a great body of laws, both statutory and customary, and a great body of judicial decisions as to the meaning and effect of existing laws. The result of adding a new law to this existing body of laws is that we get, not the simple consequence which the words, taken by themselves, would seem to require, but a resultant of forces from the new law taken in connection with all existing laws. A very large part of the litigation, injustice, dissatisfaction, and contempt for law which we deplore results from ignorant and inconsiderate legislation with perfectly good intentions. The only safeguard against such evils and the only method by which intelligent legislation can be reached is the method of full discussion, comparison of views, modification, and amendment of proposed legislation in the light of discussion and the contribution and conflict of many minds. This process can be had only through the procedure of representative legislative bodies. Representative government is something more than a device to enable the people to have their say when they are too numerous to get together and say it. It is something more than the employment of experts in legislation. Through legislative procedure a different kind of treatment for legislative questions is secured by concentration of responsibility, by discussion, and by opportunity to meet objection with amendment. For this reason the attempt to legislate by calling upon the people by popular vote to say yes or no to complicated statutes must prove unsatisfactory and on the whole injurious. In ordinary cases the voters will not and cannot possibly bring to the consideration of proposed statutes the time, attention, and knowledge required to determine whether such statutes will accomplish what they are intended to accomplish; and the vote usually will turn upon the avowed intention of such proposals rather than upon their adequacy to give effect to the intention. This would be true if only one statute were to be considered at one election; but such simplicity is not practicable. There always will be, and if the direct system is to amount to anything there must be, many proposals urged upon the voters at each opportunity.

The measures submitted at one time in some of the Western States now fill considerable volumes.

With each proposal the voter's task becomes more complicated and difficult.

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Yet our ballots are already too complicated. The great blanket sheets with scores of officers and hundreds of names to be marked are quite beyond the intelligent action in detail of nine men out of ten.

The most thoughtful reformers are already urging that the voter's task be made more simple by giving him fewer things to consider and act upon at the same time.

This is the substance of what is called the "Short Ballot" reform; and it is right, for the more questions divide public attention the fewer questions the voters really decide for themselves on their own judgment and the greater the power of the professional politician.

There is, moreover, a serious danger to be apprehended from the attempt at legislation by the Initiative and Compulsory Referendum, arising from its probable effect on the character of representative bodies. These expedients result from distrust of legislatures. They are based on the assertion that the people are not faithfully represented in their legislative bodies, but are misrepresented. The same distrust has led to the encumbering of modern State Constitutions by a great variety of minute limitations upon legislative power. Many of these constitutions, instead of being simple framework of government, are bulky and detailed statutes legislating upon subjects which the people are unwilling to trust the legislature to deal with. So between the new constitutions, which exclude the legislatures from power, and the Referendum, by which the people overrule what they do, and the Initiative, by which the people legislate in their place, the legislative representatives, who were formerly honored, are hampered, shorn of power, relieved of responsibility, discredited, and treated as unworthy of confidence. The unfortunate effect of such treatment upon the character of legislatures and the kind of men who will be willing to serve in them can well be imagined. It is the influence of such treatment that threatens representative institutions in our country. Granting that there have been evils in our legislative system which ought to be cured, I cannot think that this is the right way to cure them. It would seem that the true way is for the people of the country to address themselves to the better performance of their own duty in selecting their legislative representatives and in holding those representatives to strict responsibility for their action. The system of direct nominations, which is

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easy of application in the simple proceeding of selecting members of a legislature, and the Short Ballot reform aim at accomplishing that result. I think that along these lines the true remedy is to be found. No system of self-government will continue successful unless the voters have sufficient public spirit to perform their own duty at the polls, and the attempt to reform government by escaping from the duty of selecting honest and capable representatives, under the idea that the same voters who fail to perform that duty will faithfully perform the far more onerous and difficult duty of legislation, seems an exhibition of weakness rather than of progress.

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(To be Continued)

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THE HOPE OF THE AMERICAN WAGE-EARNER

BY W. JETT LAUCK

It is obvious that the so-called American wage-earner is largely the architect of his own fate. There are certain individual and personal qualities which he must cultivate if he is to prosper and receive his full measure of economic welfare. An intelligent and progressive attitude must be assumed toward the industrial situation in which he finds himself placed. The importance of skill, efficiency, and industrial training must be recognized. False economic doctrines which would restrict output or lead to other industrial crimes must be abandoned. Intelligent leadership must also be developed which will not arbitrarily and ignorantly attempt to control the labor supply or which will not be carried away with the consciousness of its own power.

These facts are apparent as well as fundamental and basic. The future welfare of the wage-earner is primarily dependent upon them. There are certain other external factors, as it were, in the industrial situation which are the result of legislative enactment or the lack of governmental regulation and control, and which at the present time block the progress of the industrial worker. Unless they are effectually dealt with, the wage-earner cannot work out his manifest destiny. Although he may acquire an attitude and a mode of thinking and action which are in perfect accord with the accepted teachings of the economists, the case of the industrial worker is hopeless unless the artificial barriers which have been placed in his path are removed. Some of the obstructions are the result of improper financial and industrial policies. Others are the outcome of certain tendencies which have attended the re-

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cent and marvelous expansion of our manufacturing interests. The salient fact has been the development of the machine to a point where it is predominant and man subordinate.

Mechanical genius and invention have practically eliminated the elements of human skill formerly required in manufacturing and mining. It is undoubtedly true that there are still occupations in all branches of industry which involve skill and responsibility, but the significant fact is that the constant invention and installation of new machinery have gradually reduced the number of skilled occupations. Where ten workmen of training and experience were formerly required in the mining of coal or the making of iron or steel, it is no exaggeration to say that at the present time not more than one is necessary. Cotton-mill machinery is largely automatic. Glass bottles and plate and window glass are no longer made by hand. Steam locomotives are now being equipped with automatic stokers. In all of the basic industries the machine has become the leading factor. Because of the improvement of machine processes, workmen of little, if any, experience may be employed. A man who never saw a mine may be made an efficient mine-worker within several weeks. A woman or girl may within a short time become a satisfactory weaver or spinner in a cotton-mill. After a few weeks of training, the wives or daughters of the wage-earners in our mining and manufacturing districts are able to tend satisfactorily the machines which turn out hosiery and knit goods, silk, cigars and tobacco, and a thousand other articles of general consumption. It is within the bounds of conservatism to say that more than three-fourths of the workers in our industrial establishments are unskilled or do not possess any training or experience of extended duration or apprenticeship.

The resultant change in the character and qualities of the operating forces of our mines and mills is obvious. As the machine has come to be predominant, the skilled and expensive workman of former years has been rendered unnecessary. Unskilled and untrained wage-earners now appear in greatest numbers among our industrial workers. The native Americans and the Germans, Irish, English, and Scandinavians have practically disappeared from the operating forces of our mines and factories. Their bargaining

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power, based on industrial training both in this country and abroad, has been gradually rendered ineffective by the use of improved machinery. These older classes of industrial workers were also unable to compete with the low standards of living and the working conditions brought about by the ignorant and untrained immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe, who were enabled by the installation of mechanical and automatic devices to do the work in industrial plants which formerly required employees of skill and experience. As a consequence, about one out of every two wage-earners in the principal branches of manufacturing and mining of the country at the present time are Southern and Eastern Europeans of comparatively recent arrival. Four-fifths of our industrial workers north of the Potomac and Ohio and east of the Mississippi rivers are of foreign birth. Only one out of every five is a native American.

Several exceedingly significant tendencies are to be observed as the result of this developmnt of an unskilled operating force for American mines and factories.

In the first place, industrial workers find it very difficult to organize and to act collectively, or to maintain the strength of labor unions which have already been established. This situation arises from the diminishing bargaining power of the individual worker. The majority of the employees of mines and factories are ignorant and necessitous. They are adjuncts of the machine. They may be easily replaced, and the supply of those who may take their places is practically unlimited. As a consequence, many of the labor organizations which were formerly based on distinct occupations in various branches of mining and manufacturing have been demoralized and disrupted, and a movement has been developed to form industrial rather than occupational unions. The United Mine Workers, one of the strongest labor organizations of the present day, is a forcible illustration of this tendency. The revolutionary Industrial Workers of the World proceeds along industrial rather than occupational lines with its organizations. At the last annual convention of the American Federation of Labor a similar procedure was strongly but unsuccessfully urged. The noteworthy fact is, however, that with the remarkable improvements in machinery the former requirements of training and efficiency among industrial workers

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have been largely rendered unnecessary, the wage-earning classes have grown, numerically speaking, to be more and more unskilled, and, as a logical result, the ability to organize and to present a collective demand for higher rates of remuneration or better working conditions has been greatly impaired.

In the case of industries where strong and militant labor unions have been successfully maintained, the tendency has been for these organizations to add a further burden, unintentionally it is true, to the unskilled and unorganized workmen. Each addition to the cost of production brought about by an advance in wages to organized workers has lessened the possibility of an increase in rates of pay or a betterment of the working conditions to the large body of unskilled employees in the same industry. The employer must necessarily recompense himself for an advance in his manufacturing costs either by reducing or maintaining the established wages of unorganized workmen or by higher prices for his product. The unskilled worker, therefore, has to accept his existing status or to pay higher prices for his subsistence, and, in either event, the advantages obtained by organized wage-earners frequently result in an exploitation of their unskilled brethren. As regards wages, this condition of affairs is forcibly illustrated by the existing situation in the transportation industry. The railroads are unable to raise the price of their product, or, in other words, their freight rates, without the authorization of the United States Interstate Commerce Commission. They must recoup themselves for advances in operating costs by economies or greater efficiency in conducting transportation. During the past decade the organized employees in the transportation industry have secured considerable advances in rates of compensation and numerous concessions in working conditions, while the wages and salaries in the unorganized branches of the railroad service have remained at a very low level and conditions of employment have not, comparatively speaking, improved. Obviously, the railway employees outside of the unions have had to suffer because of the advantages obtained by the organized workers, even though these advantages may have been fully warranted by the financial and operating performance of the railways.

Moreover, the larger proportion of industrial workers, unable to enforce their demands or being content with low

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standards of living, have not participated, as they should, through higher money wages, in the benefits, or the greater productivity of industry per units of capital and labor invested, through the installation of improved machinery. It is also equally true that the advantages of more economical production have not come to them through lower prices. Organization and control of markets and certain artificial barriers, such as the tariff, have enabled producers to maintain a higher level of prices. The use of machinery and large-scale methods of production have also stimulated the growth of large industrial communities. The result has been an increase in pressure upon the land for means of subsistence to support a constantly growing urban population, which has in turn caused a natural but unprecedented advance in the level of prices.

The commercial policy of the Federal Government during the past half century, and the financial practices of the large corporations which have had their origin within comparatively recent years, have probably been two of the most serious external factors opposed to the economic advancement of the American wage-earners.

During the past three decades one of the strongest arguments put forward in behalf of the high tariff system was that it protected the American industrial worker against competition with the products of the comparatively cheap labor of foreign countries. The policy of protection was lauded as the means of maintaining high money wages and a satisfactory standard of living among American industrial workers. It was not until the last few years that the sham of this claim was exposed as the result of several extensive industrial investigations under the auspices of the Federal Government. The so-called American industrial worker was shown to be practically non-existent. The free entrance into the country of the much-despised and discussed pauper labor of Europe was found to exist alongside a policy of exclusion of commodities manufactured abroad. While the American manufacturers were securing large profits from their control of domestic markets, the American wage-earner, it was discovered, was being displaced or rapidly subjected to the low standards of work and living of a cheap and seemingly inexhaustible labor supply from the south and east of Europe. The pretense that a protective tariff working in conjunction with a policy

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of unrestricted immigration was of benefit to American wage-earners was shattered. The fruits of such a misguided policy, as shown by contemporaneous industrial conditions, proclaimed its folly. The traditional plea for a protective tariff in the name of the American wage-earner has therefore probably been heard in this country for the last time. Public opinion has been educated to a point where such hypocrisy will receive the condemnation which it deserves.

Another economic crime, which has been even more injurious to the interests of the American wage-earner than the protective tariff, has been the flagrant practices of corporations in the form of overcapitalization. The increased earnings from the introduction of improved machinery and less expensive methods of production by manufacturing, transportation, and mining corporations have been rapidly absorbed by the issue of new securities. Actual and potential earnings have been quickly absorbed by the interest charges caused by the flotation or distribution of stocks and bonds, which in many cases have consisted of an outright bonus to the holders of corporation securities, or have not represented an equivalent amount of proceeds added to the value or earning capacity of industrial or transportation properties. As a consequence, although greater productivity has been obtained and labor costs of manufacturing and of conducting transportation have been reduced within recent years by the invention and use of improved mechanical devices, a margin of output has not been available for increased wages or larger payments to labor because the gains in operating efficiency have been used to pay unwarrantable capital charges. On the other hand, advances in the productive efficiency of labor have been set aside to give a substantial or market value to fictitious stock flotations. At the time of the organization of one representative- industrial corporation the common stock had no tangible value back of it. During the past three years, however, more than six hundred million dollars, or the equivalent of three times the total annual pay-roll of this corporation, has been appropriated from net earnings for the purpose of conferring a market value upon this originally fictitious capitalization. One of our largest transportation companies during the past thirty years has appropriated more than three hundred million dollars from its

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surplus earnings for the purpose of adding to the value of its property, and the resultant increase in earning capacity has been largely capitalized and distributed in the form of bonuses to stockholders. More than five million dollars annually is taken from the operating revenues of another trunk line for the purpose of paying dividends upon more than ninety million dollars of watered stock, which does not represent one dollar added to the value or earning power of this railroad system. These are but typical examples of the extent to which the earnings of manufacturing and transportation corporations, which have arisen from the increased productivity of labor and capital, and which should have been devoted to the payment of higher wages to or the shortening of the hours of labor, or the improvement of the working conditions of employees, have, on the contrary, been improperly used to pay dividends or to give a market value to worthless securities. The practice of overcapitalizing our industrial corporations has imposed a perpetual burden upon the wage-earning classes and has constantly placed a formidable barrier in the way of their economic advancement.

It is, therefore, plain that several fundamental reforms must be had before the American wage-earner can be assured freedom of opportunity and the chance to work out the full measure of economic welfare which is his rightful heritage. Special privileges and monopoly rights arising from a protective tariff policy which have made possible a control of prices by a large group of manufacturers, should be withdrawn by proper legislation. Corporations should also be prohibited from issuing worthless securities which cause an absorption of earnings through indefensible capital charges. A large share of the industrial output, which now goes into illegitimate dividend and interest payments, should be given to labor through higher rates of compensation or lower prices of articles of general consumption. To establish firmly an American standard of work and living, to guarantee a proper distribution of the benefits of our marvelous natural resources and our wonderful industrial progress, and, at the same time, to maintain the spirit of enterprise and the stimulation to industrial progress and efficiency, it is also absolutely necessary to impose some limitations upon the numbers of immigrants who are rapidly entering the country. Unless there

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is a restriction of immigration, the situation for the American industrial worker is without hope. A policy of permanent or absolute exclusion is not imperative. All that is essential is to limit temporarily the number of incoming aliens so that the foreign workmen already in our midst may be industrially assimilated and educated to the point where they will demand proper standards of living and will be constrained by the economic aspirations of the native American. In the face of the existing and never-ending influx of immigrant wage-earners, there is no ground for expecting any noteworthy improvement in the working and living conditions of the employees of our mines and factories. Organized effort is rendered almost impossible. Industrial workers of both native and foreign parentage, because of the constant extension of the use of improved machinery and the decline in the demand for the qualities of skill and experience, have been gradually losing the opportunity to help themselves by concerted action. They are also rapidly passing beyond the reach of those altruistic persons who would assist them for the reason that one group of workmen is no sooner raised toward a higher economic status than the competition of the next wave of immigration completely inundates them and causes a downward tendency in methods of living and in conditions of employment.

It is clearly apparent that a restriction of immigration would be in reality an arbitrary curtailment of the existing labor supply and might be attended by a reduction in the remarkable industrial expansion which has been characteristic of recent years, but it is also equally true that the measure of the economic welfare of the citizens of an industrial and commercial nation does not consist in the number of tons of coal produced or the tons of pig-iron, steel rails, or yards of print cloth manufactured. The real indication of material prosperity is to be found in the extent to which the wage-earners in mines and factories share in the industrial output which is partly attributable to their labors, and unless there is a limitation placed upon the inexhaustible supply of cheap foreign labor of low standards and aspirations which is now coming to this country, it is perfectly clear that the American wage-earner cannot hope to participate properly in the results of our industrial progress. Moreover, although the present sup-

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ply of unskilled labor would be lessened by a restriction of immigration, it cannot be questioned that the higher wages and better standards of living which would be the logical outcome, would attract to our shores skilled and highly trained workmen from Northern and Western Europe who, under present conditions, have ceased to immigrate to the United States. The return of this more efficient class of wage-earners would have the effect of reducing labor costs of manufacturing and of making possible a greater diversification of industries. In addition to the prevailing system of manufacturing comparatively low-grade articles upon a quantitative basis, the tendency would be toward the promotion of industries for the production of more finished and special commodities which are now sold in our own and the world markets by foreign manufacturers.

The present situation is also developing social and political dangers which demand immediate action. The hopelessness of the wage-earner under existing conditions leads him to receive radical teachings with increasing eagerness, and to follow blindly the revolutionary programmes of overzealous political, social, and economic propagandists. The remarkable spread of Socialism in all its forms, the extraordinary growth of such un-American organizations as the Industrial Workers of the World, together with the recent strikes in Lawrence, Massachusetts, Paterson, New Jersey, and other industrial communities, are but an earnest of what may be expected in the future unless some attempt is made to improve existing industrial conditions.

Not only the economic welfare of the American wage-earner but the maintenance of our political and social institutions are threatened, and the necessary preliminary, or the first step toward amelioration of the present condition of industrial affairs, should consist in the adoption of a policy of restricted immigration. Without such action, all other measures will be futile.

W. Jett Lauck.

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AN ENGLISH VIEW OF MR. BRYAN

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

None of President Wilson's Cabinet appointments had for Englishmen a greater interest and importance than his selection of Mr. W. J. Bryan for the Secretaryship of State. The text-book theory is, I believe, that an American President is free to pick his Cabinet officers as he chooses. But no one holding a high elective position is ever really free. There are always political debts that have to be paid and personal claims that can hardly be resisted. Every British Prime Minister who is engaged in the business of Cabinet-making, is made to feel the pressure and influence of a certain number of honest and titled incompetents who have to be included and cannot be got rid of; and the case, I imagine, is not any easier with an American President. To an observer three thousand miles away it seemed clear from the first moment of his nomination that Mr. Bryan would prove one of President Wilson's problems. No man could prefer so strong a title to recognition. For seventeen years Mr. Bryan had been by far the most prominent figure in the Democratic ranks. Last summer at the Baltimore Convention his intervention largely determined Mr. Wilson's nomination. Throughout the campaign he worked for the party candidate unsparingly, and having thrice led the Democrats to defeat he was clearly entitled to be consoled for their triumph as handsomely as possible. The highest office in the gift of the President, the office that places its occupant at only two removes from the White House itself, was not regarded in England as by any means an excessive or unmerited consolation. At the same time one could not quite forego the amusing but profitless impertinence of speculating whether, had the circumstances been different, Mr. Bryan is precisely the kind of man whom President Wilson would have preferred as his Secretary of State. Frankly, if

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one may fall back on the terminology of the theologians, Mr. Bryan's elevation to the Secretaryship of State struck one as a case neither of predestination nor free will but of necessity. He has suffered much from his contemporaries. A man of really dramatic personality he was soundly beaten by the abysmally commonplace Mr. McKinley; a few years afterward he underwent the galling indignity of being deposed to make room for Justice Parker; later still, Mr. Roosevelt, whom Mr. Bryan had largely made possible, retaliated by making Mr. Bryan superfluous; and now President Wilson by a master-stroke of irony that in any other man might almost have raised suspicions of malevolence, has given him an office, has placed him where concealment is impossible and revelation inevitable, has brought the rhetorician to the supremely disquieting test of action and administration, and has vested in him the chief direction of the foreign affairs of his country. And Mr. Bryan has embraced his doom with the same "valor of ignorance" with which he espoused Free Silver. "I think," he observed a few weeks ago "that President Wilson may be able to do things that I could not have done and I know I can help him as much as he could ever help me."

Both in its personal and its international aspects the appointment is one that may well challenge attention. It marks a very definite stage in the development of a highly theatrical career, and it coincides with, and may do a good deal to reinforce, a quite considerable change in the spirit and aims of American foreign policy. Every one will watch with interest to see how Mr. Bryan, who has hitherto been chiefly known as a talker, bears his first experience of contact with big affairs, and how the advent of a man of his decided views and dominating personality will affect the course of American action in Mexico and South America, in the Philippines and the Far East. For Mr. Bryan, say and think what one may about him and his manifold limitations, is at least a remarkable figure. His career has been so far typical of America as to be unimaginable outside of it. A man of six and thirty, whose active life had been divided between an Illinois farm, a law office in Lincoln, Nebraska, and four years in Congress, unknown and wholly without distinction, he was suddenly raised, by a flashy and opportune speech delivered with incomparable art before an overwrought Convention, to the leadership of his party. In June, 1896, scarcely any of

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his countrymen outside his native State had ever heard of him; in November, 1896, six millions of them voted for his election to the Presidency. Not many of them, as I remember, understood or even cared to understand what precisely was meant by "Free Silver," "the parity of the metals," "the ratio of 16 to 1," and all the nauseating rest of it. But they felt vaguely that things were not right, that wealth was too powerful, Wall Street too truculent, and Labor overborne and oppressed; and they used Mr. Bryan with his youth and fire and eloquence, to register their protest. They chose, I think, a fitting instrument. Mr. Bryan's outstanding, one might even say his solitary, service to his country is that he voiced the popular unrest with an effectiveness that compelled a hearing. That is a much better thing to do than to ignore or deride it or to attempt to drive it underground, assuming, of course, that the unrest is real and justifiable.

Personally I feel no difficulty about making that assumption. The discontent in America in 1896, so far as my observation went, was both real and dangerous. It had been accumulating since the Civil War; it was the obverse side of that headlong reckless industrial exploitation that set in after the peace. From 1866 to 1896 was the golden age of American capitalism. The country grew feverishly; immense fortunes were amassed; and both commercial and political ideals suffered in the process. The Republicans used their long lease of office to surround themselves with a stout hedge of plutocratic interests. They never seemed to doubt that America was made for the millionaires and that the politicians were their natural allies and henchmen. They were as blind to the gathering signs of unrest as the French aristocracy before the Revolution. Trusting to their "machine" and relying upon their intimacy with the money power, they turned politics into a branch of Wall Street finance, and manipulated all fiscal, social, and economic legislation for the benefit of the big corporations. It was essentially as a protest against waste, corruption, the organized robbery of the tariff, and the conception of government as an affair of friends, that Mr. Cleveland was elected. Looking back, it seems to me that his two terms of office were a period of incubation, that the Democratic party had not yet "found itself," and that the conservatives who dominated its councils had no intention of allowing the measures they

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had advocated on the stump to be written on the statute-book. Several years of bad trade and poor harvests, culminating in the crash of 1893, and a succession of labor disputes, marked with all the peculiar ferocity that Americans throw into their attack upon and their defense of Capital, conspired to give the Radicals their chance. The mortgaged farmers of the West and the hungry dissatisfied artisans of the towns were in the mood for almost any solution that promised relief. I repeat that so far as a foreign onlooker could judge, the deep social and economic unrest in America seventeen years ago was both genuine and legitimate. The national growth for a generation and more had been lop-sided and badly needed rectification. The scale had inclined too palpably and unfairly to the side of the Haves and badly needed trimming anew. It did not seem to me, as I wandered about the country in those years, that the popular discontent received from the East either the sympathy or the understanding it deserved. The capitalists regarded it as a menace to be crushed. The New York papers for the most part rebuked or satirized it. Mr. Bryan at least took it seriously. He was in emotional sympathy with it; not by reason—reasoning has never been his strong point—but by instinct he appreciated its height and depth; and with the fervor of his impassioned rhetoric he forced America to appreciate it too.

That, I maintain, was to render a real public service. Mr. Bryan was able to render it because of his complete identity with the ordinary Western American. He was and is one with them in training and thought and instinctive ways of looking at things; he was and is what any one of them might be, had they that little extra something—in Mr. Bryan's case eloquence and what Americans prize, I think, almost too highly in their leaders, " magnetism "—which in a country of rather average averages, where nearly all have passed through the same educational mill and are on pretty much the same intellectual level, is enough to raise even an essentially commonplace man above his fellows and give him a commanding authority. It is, I think, an integral part of any " explanation " of Mr. Bryan to bear in mind that while the sum total of American intelligence is undoubtedly impressive, it is more by reason of its quantity than its quality. I mean that the educational system of the country has rather raised a great and unprecedented number of people

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to the standard of what we in England should call middle-class opinion than raised the standard itself, and that as a consequence the operative force of American politics is middle-class opinion left pretty much to its own devices and not corrected by the best intelligence of the country. And middle-class opinion, especially when left to its own devices, is a fearsome thing. It marks out the nation over which it has gained control as a willing slave of words, a willing follower of the fatal short cut, a prey to caprice, unreasoning sentiment and the attraction of "panaceas," and stamps broadly upon its face the hall-mark of an honestly unconscious parochialism. Such, to be quite candid, appears to me to have been too much its effect in America. I know of no country where a prejudice lives so long, where thought is at once so active and so shallow and a praiseworthy curiosity so little guided by fixed standards, where a craze finds readier acceptance, where policies that are opposed to all human experience or contradicted by the most elementary facts of social or economic conditions stand a better chance of captivating the populace, or where men who are fundamentally insignificant attain to such quaintly authoritative prestige. Mr. Bryan is the product of this environment and eminently qualified to make the most of it.

It took a long while for Bryanism to make itself understood. In its essence it was, of course, a social protest. It was a sort of Chartist agitation fighting under the banner of currency reform. Even in 1896 Free Silver was no more than the ornamental buckle on its shoe, bearing somewhat the same relation to the true Bryanism that polygamy bears to Mormonism. The movement at bottom was a duplication under four or five different heads of the eternal struggle for the emancipation of Labor and the return to some older, more equitable, and usually fabulous democracy. That the currency heresies of the Bryanites were really heresies they themselves now admit. That they were right in their fundamental attitude toward the far more vital questions of social and economic progress few Americans now, I think, would be found to dispute. In 1896, however, the national mind was beclouded by such puerile generalization as "the East stands for gold and honesty, the West for silver and knavery." Believing Bryanism to be a gospel of public immorality and spoliation, Americans voted it down. But a good deal of water has flowed under the bridge since then.

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In one way the fortune of events has singularly befriended Mr. Bryan. The "revolutionary" of a decade and a half ago is perceived to-day to have been merely the pioneer. Neither England nor America, I imagine, would care to repeat to-day all that they said about the Chicago platform in 1896. It was a time of hysteria and unreason. As one reads it over to-day there is not much smell of gunpowder about the document that for months convulsed the world. Its denunciation of the Trusts, its onslaught upon "government by injunction," its demand for the imposition of an income-tax and for the revision of the Tariff, its "attack" upon the Courts, have all since then been echoed by Mr. Roosevelt, whose Radicalism, indeed, at more than one point has gone further than Mr. Bryan's ever went, and at all times was immeasurably more effective. Most of the proposals that were "incendiary and anarchistic" in 1896 are among the commonplaces of American politics to-day. Some of them have even found their way to the statute-book; and the American people, especially in the first eight years of the new century, comparing Mr. Bryan's words with Mr. Roosevelt's deeds, began to perceive that they could not well applaud the latter while professing to be horrified by the former. The two men, indeed, differing in methods and temperament and above all in opportunities, were essentially at one on the main question. In the America of to-day you are either for Privilege or against it. Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt are both against it; and the reflex action of Mr. Roosevelt's popularity while engaged in carrying out a largely Bryanite programme, had the effect of convicting Mr. Bryan of no worse crime than that of having been a decade or so ahead of his time. It was Mr. Bryan who first conveyed the Promethean spark with which President Roosevelt lit so far-shining a blaze, who first opened that campaign of democracy against plutocracy in which Mr. Roosevelt proved himself a foremost standard-bearer, who first blazed the trail for that American Radicalism along which Mr. Roosevelt marched with such clattering prominence. Looking at the vast changes that have overtaken the spirit and personnel of American politics in the last seventeen years, at the progressive subjugation of the railways and the Trusts, at the passing of the income-tax amendment and the amendment establishing the popular election of United States Senators, at the new prominence that is now given to

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the "condition of the people" question, at these and many other reforms that have almost the sweep of a revolution, Mr. Bryan might fairly exclaim, "I am the prophet who first smote the rock." Were he to put forward any such pretension multitudes of Americans, who twelve or fifteen years ago glibly called him an anarchist, would, I believe, acknowledge and ratify it.

And with all this Mr. Bryan in the last few years seems to me to have become better as well as more widely known. The fanaticism of his earlier days has given place to a broad, good-humored charity. He has borne himself under the trial of successive defeats with a smiling manfulness. Even as late as 1908 his hold on the rank and file of the Democratic party was not only unshaken but virtually unchallenged. In that fact alone there was the record of an achievement without parallel in American politics. Mr. Bryan, indeed, has broken many records. He is the only American who ever captured the Presidential nomination by a single speech. He was the youngest Presidential candidate ever put forward by either of the great national parties. He is the only American who has been thrice nominated for the Presidency after being twice defeated. With no prestige of success to support him, derided by nearly all the men of substance in the community, at once the jest and the puzzle and the despair of the intellectuals, he was nevertheless, and as recently as five years ago, not only the leader of his party but its despot. In any country that would be a phenomenon sufficiently remarkable. In America where popular favor is inordinately fickle and the habit of placing a man on a pedestal at one moment and under it the next is almost second nature, it is not less than amazing. Nor has it affected the Democratic Party alone. Among all classes and all parties there has grown up a feeling toward Mr. Bryan which, in its kindliness and its desire to be just, amounts, for those who remember the passion and dementia of 1896, to a veritable revolution. His bitterest opponents to-day would not deny that he believes all he says, though they might add that the more wrong-headed it is the more ardently he believes it. There is a pretty well universal acknowledgment that he is no self-seeker, that his politics spring from his convictions, and that he fights for them with unimpeachable dignity and fairness. Against his private life and his personal character there has never been the smallest whisper

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of accusation that was worth a moment's attention. He is a thoroughly good man and much too elementary to be either cynical or sophisticated. His rhetoric moves on a high plane, if not of practicality, and statesmanship, at least of idealism. No one, not even Mr. Roosevelt, has dispensed the sonorous platitudes that Americans love more lavishly than he. His oratory is not of a kind that we should stomach in England, but it is at all events more finished than it was and not less facile. Moreover, Mr. Bryan has made the most of his chances. He has capitalized his political prominence and built up a respectable fortune by hard work as a lecturer and journalist. His weekly paper, *The Commoner,* was reputed at one time to have a circulation of over 200,000, and would, perhaps, have been an extremely profitable property but for Mr. Bryan's honorable scrupulosity in the matter of advertisements. It is, however, his lecturing tours that have chiefly kept him in the public eye. He has developed of recent years a strong inclination for religious subjects, and I find it easy to believe that the business of expounding Christianity in a simple, old-fashioned, utterly unscientific and unenlightened way is really more congenial to him than political or economic discussion. The pulpit, the Sunday-school, the Y. M. C. A., and the innumerable semi-social, semi-religious societies that seem to find their predestined home in the United States, have occupied him during the past decade even more than the party platform. No man living has ever addressed such vast or such varied audiences. I suppose there is hardly a county in the whole Union in which he has not spoken; and among those who, like himself, are better at feeling than at thinking, he always makes a good impression. His two trips abroad were followed by his countrymen with an affectionate interest; and the attention shown him by the rulers and statesmen of Asia and Europe, to whom he was a decidedly novel experience, gratified their national pride. Hearty, affable, sincere, a genuine democrat, deeply religious, of an ardent and aspiring temperament, and not offensively vain, I do not wonder at his immense popularity. Put Gladstone's or O'Connell's tongue into the head of the average Sunday-school teacher, and you not only get Mr. Bryan, but you get a mixture that always and everywhere appeals to the taste of the masses.

But more than this is needed to make a man a statesman. Mr. Bryan has proved himself, and for that I honor him, an

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effective voice of protest against social and economic inequalities and injustices. But has he proved himself anything more? He can at times diagnose general conditions with a rough-and-ready accuracy that is due to the keenness of his sympathies and not to the keenness of his perceptions. He has stirred up many questions, but he has never yet found the right, or anything approaching the right, answer to any of them. He has sensitiveness, a generous heart, a great fund of idealism, and a creed that looks kindly on the under dog. But balance, knowledge, perspective, a sense of the feasible, a distrust of empiricism—in all these qualities which are the very stuff of statesmanship flattery itself would have to admit his deficiency. He belongs to the type of men whom Nature in her perversity has framed to ruin countries from the best of motives and with the highest intentions. He is a stimulating and even now and then a captivating orator and the sheer sincerity of the man always holds his audience. But did any one ever try and read his speeches in cold print without being half ashamed to think that they could even for a moment have been imposed upon and carried away by so much half-baked and erratic speciousness? Mr. Bryan would have cut an imposing figure, would have been a man of real power, in the French Revolution when rhetoric, shallow metaphysics, and an ardent temperament were supposed to qualify a man for the business of government. But in such a land as the United States and at such a time as the present his ineradicable defect as a would-be statesman comes in to vitiate all he says and does—the defect of a flat inability to rise above the most elementary level of reflection, insight, and comprehension. I must have read thousands of his speeches and articles, but I cannot recall that he has ever suggested a single practical remedy for anything; and I know that he has suggested scores of remedies that would have aggravated the very disease they professed to cure. Recall the prescriptions he has written out for the ailments of the body politic—in the whole range of political quackery I know of nothing even to compare with them. He began by advocating the monstrous, the almost incredible, device of Free Silver. In 1900 he was opposing "Imperialism" for reasons that have been proved by experience to be destitute of even the remotest connection with realities, one of his great arguments against it being that it would give birth to a "militarism" which would be used for the further

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oppression of the American working-man. Besides this Mr. Bryan has declared himself in favor of a law prohibiting any corporation from doing business outside its own State without permission from Federal authority. He has not only advocated the annihilation of the Trusts, but has proposed a Constitutional amendment to that end. He has come out at various times in favor of abolishing the Presidential veto powers and of electing Federal judges by popular vote for short terms. He has advised the introduction into national politics of the initiative and the referendum. He has advocated the Federal ownership of the trunk railways and State ownership of the State lines. In 1908 he was pledged to one measure that would have given a Government guarantee to bank deposits, to another that would prevent a man from holding directorship in competing companies, to a third forbidding a corporation from doing more than fifty per cent. of its own kind of business, to a fourth compelling any and every concern to sell its goods at a uniform price throughout the continent, and to a fifth licensing such corporations as did as much as twenty-five per cent. of the total of their particular trade.

It was after revolving these and similar flights of Mr. Bryan's statesmanship that a fellow-countryman described him as "the greatest American since Barnum." I have never reconciled myself to the justice of that criticism. His simplicity and sincerity ought alone to protect Mr. Bryan from any such innuendoes. I believe the publicists who labeled him "the Peter Pan of American politics" came nearer the mark. Mr. Bryan has never really grown up. He is to-day essentially what he was when he burst upon the Chicago Convention. I used a few years ago to hear people talking of "the new Bryan." There was not, nor is there, nor can there be a new Bryan. There is a new America, which is a very different thing. But Mr. Bryan himself is unchangeable. With many arts and accomplishments, he seems to lack the faculty of development. In the course of the past decade and a half he has amassed an enormous number of experiences, but no experience. He has honestly tried to improve his mind; he has traveled all round the world in an effort to see and weigh things for himself. But the experiment did not prove other than a barren one. How could it? Travel is pre-eminently one of those exercises of which the intellectual profits are directly proportioned to the intellect-

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ual capital sunk in it. You get from it what you bring to it. Mr. Bryan went abroad as the average Western American, with all the ingenuousness of mind and nature that belongs to the title. As a Western American he returned, having seen everything and understood nothing; and a Western American he remains, undiluted and unbroadened, with the same facile command of sloppy metaphysics, the same untutored artlessness of attitude and outlook. To Englishmen, in particular, his position in American politics has long been an insoluble puzzle. They have altogether failed to detect in him the smallest evidence of a gift for administration or of that power of sober, common-sense judgment which is the first of all executive qualities. Impulsive and empirical, they have never been able to understand his hold over his own countrymen. All the Englishmen whom he encountered during his visits abroad were at one in pronouncing him a shallow and vapid thinker, incapable of seeing deeply into anything. The Sunday-school air which he carried about with him, and the Sunday-school point of view which seemed to color all his opinions, left his acquaintances in England gasping. They liked him personally; they felt the appeal of his eloquence and of his frank and friendly nature; but they placed him as the last kind of man that Englishmen would ever think of electing to public office; and they were not in the least surprised when Americans in 1908 reached for the third time the same conclusion. The man of instantaneous and annihilating remedies, the man who is convinced that he can make a new heaven and a new earth every session, is the man of all men whom we in England have learned most to distrust; and it completely bewilders us to explain the influence he so often wields in America. It was not at all that the Englishmen who met Mr. Bryan were swayed in their judgment of him by the memory of his Free Silver campaign, and his efforts to run the Filipinos and the Boers in harness, and the vapid nonsense he talked and wrote about British rule in India. What determined their estimate of him was the discovery that he lacked almost all the gifts and qualities that go to form the political instinct. How exhaustively he lacks them was shown on one occasion in a very striking fashion. I dare say many Americans will recall with pleasure a book, published some twelve years ago, that purported to be the comments of a Chinese official on Western civilization. Even to those who had never been to China, it was self-evident

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on the face of it that no Chinaman was its author. But Mr. Bryan not only went to China and traveled through it, but came back without the least suspicion that the volume was not what it pretended to be. He actually sat down and wrote an answer to it—and an incredibly thin and vacuous answer it was—solemnly defending Western life, polity, and religion against the strictures of this impudent Oriental. Nothing could have marked Mr. Bryan's intellectual equipment with more precision. It revealed, as indeed did all the letters he wrote on his travels, his prime and impregnable defect, his inability to think and to comprehend.

It was, therefore, with the feeling that there would probably before long be something to talk about, that Englishmen heard the news of Mr. Bryan's selection for the Secretaryship of State. They have not been disappointed. Before he had been in office two months Mr. Bryan had outlined a plan for insuring international peace. That was very much what every one expected he would do; and whatever the fate of his proposal it is clear that the United States has put forward in him a stalwart and well-meaning champion of conciliation as against force in the intercourse of nations; a man who means, if he can, to revive the Gladstonian tradition of regarding international problems first of all from the standpoint of morality and ethics; one who is passionately convinced that statesmanship to-day has no higher mission than to enlarge the boundaries of national self-realization, to search for a way out of the hideous tangle of armaments, and to foster the many influences that are gradually combining in a world-wide crusade against war. That is a fine ambition though it may permissibly be doubted whether the United States, with her happy remoteness from the sharp contentions of Europe, is the country or whether Mr. Bryan is the man to help on its realization in any tangible fashion. However that may be, the application of the ideals which Mr. Bryan has repeatedly avowed to the specific problems that confront the American Secretary of State at this moment is bound to be followed by foreign onlookers with interest and may have some considerable consequences. One's instinct is to think that so long as Mr. Bryan retains his present office there will be little talk of American intervention in Mexico; that the American protectorate over Cuba will be lightly exercised; that steps of some sort will be taken to procure or to promise self-government for the Fili-

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pinos under an international guarantee of neutrality; that the "dollar diplomacy" associated with the recent Republican régime will be abandoned; that the Monroe Doctrine will be again restricted to a purely passive and defensive rôle; that the United States will gradually withdraw from politico-commercial "adventures" in the Far East; and that the spurt in European armaments will not be allowed to influence American preparations for defense. On these high matters, it is true, Mr. Bryan's is not the only, or even necessarily the deciding, voice. But his influence in shaping American policy will be very great, and the conflict which is almost certain to ensue between his instincts and prepossessions on the one side and the facts and necessities of the situations that will face him on the other ought to add an interesting chapter to the psychology of politics.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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GOLD AND PRICES

BY ALBERT S. BOLLES

THOUGH the rising tide of prices began nearly fifteen years ago, the origin and force of the movement are still imperfectly understood. Whatever the causes may be, as they are the outcome of human action, they can be learned by patient inquiry. Notwithstanding the importance of knowing these causes, no thorough inquiry has yet been undertaken to ascertain what they are. Much indeed has been written on the subject, but mostly of a speculative, theoretical character. Some economists, who are wedded to the so-called quantitative theory of money, have not hesitated to proclaim that the increase is chiefly due to the larger gold supply and expanded credit resting on this new and enlarged gold production. This assertion is not founded on fact, as we hope to show; and is working harm in deluding many, and checking a more thorough inquiry into the matter.

The gold theorist usually starts with a wrong premise. He asserts that if a bushel of wheat sells for a dollar to-day, and fifteen years ago it sold for only eighty cents, gold has lost one-fifth of its purchasing power. But if some other commodity sells for eighty cents to-day which fifteen years ago sold for a dollar, has the purchasing power of gold increased? Can gold affect the prices of two marketable commodities differently at the same time, raising the price of one and lowering the price of the other? Yet we know that the prices of things are constantly varying upward and downward; also that there is a more general trend upward at one time and downward at another; meanwhile the stock of gold is always increasing.

Suppose the prices of ten articles have remained nearly the same for fifteen years, at the end of that time the price

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of one of them is advanced fifty per cent., while the prices of the others remain unchanged, would not the statement be nearer the truth, that the price of that particular article has risen than the statement that the purchasing power of gold had declined? If its purchasing power was just as effective with the other nine articles as before, is there any reason for the supposition or assertion that with one of them, the owner demanded more gold for some reason pertaining to the gold that was given therefor? Is not the familiar explanation the correct one, the owner demanded more gold, not by reason of any happenings to the metal, but by reason of the greater scarcity or other change pertaining to that particular article?

If this be solid ground, let us advance a single step. If gold alone or gold and credit combined were the chief cause of the advance in prices, it would affect everything bought and sold in the same manner. Consider the prices of grain, for example. The advances, instead of showing equality, show great inequality. And when we pass from one group of commodities to an entirely different group, the advances are still more unequal; in some of them there have been no advances at all. During the Civil War, the value of paper money measured by the gold standard depreciated. At one time the premium on gold, which was another way of measuring the depreciation, rose to 185 per cent. But prices rose generally and had some correspondence with the reduction in the value of paper money. The correspondence was closest in imported commodities, as the importers paid in gold. The prices of other commodities did not rise as quickly and uniformly, yet the rise was far more rapid and uniform than the advances at the present time. In those war days it was the common knowledge or belief that the advances were due to the enlarged demand, as the government was an enormous demander, and the inflated paper currency. And the people knowing these things, and realizing that the rising current swept over all, manifested no such dissatisfaction as they do to-day over the glaring unequal advances.

Is not the following observation of an eminent French economist, Neymarck, unanswerable? "There is no denying the increase in the production of gold; it has kept up for a hundred, for fifty, for twenty, for ten years, always progressing. And yet, during the interval, in France and

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abroad, there have been crises caused by the going down of prices—a fall in food products, in the price of land, in mineral products, coal, iron, etc. How did it happen that the gold production, which, they say, is the cause of the rise in prices nowadays, could not stop the fall in prices then?'' This, however, is only an introductory questioning of the position of the gold theorist; we will now proceed on a different line of contention.

Prices are agreements made between buyer and seller in which the human will is operative. They are not wholly the result of outside or extraneous forces, especially of the quantities or qualities of things bought and sold. Doubtless these are elements in sales, but too much importance has often been given to them, thereby obscuring the truth. If an economist can once get himself into the way of thinking that the value of a thing depends on its quantity, then he is within the region of fixed scientific deductions, and the desire to get within this realm is so strong among some economists that they ignore or minimize the part played by the human will in making exchanges and thus fall into error, of which this last, the effect of the increased supply of gold on prices, is one of the greatest.

As all prices are the result of bargaining, we need not resort to the quantitative theory, nor to any other, to learn why steel rails have been sold for the last eleven years at the unvarying price of twenty-eight dollars per ton; or why the price of refined sugar has been kept so uniform by the producers since the creation of the Sugar Trust in 1887. For several years prior to 1887 prices in this country had had a downward tendency, notwithstanding the constantly increasing gold supply. The decline in all manufactured products was ascribed chiefly to excessive competition. The profits in most branches of manufacturing were very small, in many cases there were none, and bankruptcies thickly lined the shore of industrialism. Out of this condition of loss and chaos the trusts arose. The first of these was the American Sugar Trust.

The margin on granulated sugar was immediately raised half a cent a pound, and within a few months another half cent. The margin, on the completion of the Spreckels independent refinery at Philadelphia, fell to the old figure and remained there for more than two years. Then this refinery was purchased, the margin was restored and has

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been retained with few important changes until the present year.[1] The most noteworthy break occurred in 1897 when Mr. Arbuckle started his independent refinery. The contending producers again locked horns and put their prices down very considerably. The competition, however, did not last long, peace was made, and ever since the Sugar Trust has maintained its rates.

If there be any truth in the gold theory, why has it not acted on the prices of sugar? With the increased gold supply sugar ought to have felt its vivifying touch. A cynic might say that perhaps the Sugar Trust advanced prices at the start enough to cover all contingencies, including a larger monetary supply. Of course there is nothing in this. But the other statement is true, if the increased gold supply has affected prices generally, it ought to have affected the prices of sugar. And if they are beyond or outside the gold sphere, is not this equally true of many other things? If sugar prices are fixed by a virtual monopoly, which is a fact, may not the same statement be asserted with equal truth of many other things?

Indeed, does not the same assertion hold of all the trust associations? Consider iron and steel, for example. Prior to 1895 there had been a long series of lean years. In 1898 iron and steel prices began to advance, the outcome of a revival of business followed by a greater demand for iron and steel products especially from the railroads. Let us not forget, however, that through this long dull period gold production was steadily increasing. Yet no one had felt its vivifying breath in reviving trade and advancing prices. The advance came quickly after a long Arctic Night of quiet and gloom in the business world.

The United States Trust was formed and prices were pegged still higher. It was the belief of that great concern, and doubtless it was correct, that it could advance prices

[1] PRICES OF GRANULATED SUGAR PER POUND SINCE 1893.

1893.....4.87½	1900.....5.05	1907.....4.70
1894.....4.25	1901.....5.50	1908.....4.60
1895.....4.00	1902.....4.75	1909.....4.55
1896.....4.87½	1903.....4.65	1910.....5.05
1897.....4.25	1904.....4.35	1911.....4.60
1898.....5.12½	1905.....6.10	1912.....5.40
1899.....5.00	1906.....4.60	1913.....4.35

A discount of one per cent., and during the last two years one of two per cent. from these prices has been allowed.

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still higher if it wished; but wisdom forbade lest new competitors be enticed into the field. Now what possible relation can be discovered between these prices and the increased gold supply? The managers of the trust fixed those prices and when they did so were not influenced by the increased gold supply. All the trust had to do was to demand higher prices, and it obtained them; it made the products; consumers could not get them elsewhere, and must have them, that is the whole story. There were two limitations: the minimum limit, which was the cost of production, and the maximum limit, or price for which they could be obtained elsewhere. Within these extremes the trusts were omnipotent as price-makers of the commodities they respectively produced.

Let us give one more illustration. Since steel rails have sold for the uniform price of $28 per ton, why has the price not varied with the increased gold supply and enlarged credit? Why have they not gone up, say, to $35 or $40 per ton? Simply because the trust knows that the price is as great as the railroads will pay, and that it would not be wise to attempt to raise them. Yet if gold possesses such a dominating influence as a price-making factor, surely it ought to have made its power felt among the steel-rail makers as well as among other manufacturers.

Let us now turn to advances in the price of labor. That a large percentage of working-men have become organized is familiar knowledge; also that their organizations have proved effective agencies for demanding and obtaining higher wages. What has the increased gold supply had to do with these advances? Probably the labor leaders know and care as little about it as the Icelanders; they surely have never used it as an argument in support of their demands. We all know in a general way what methods they have pursued; that the increased gold supply has never figured in any negotiations; and that strikes, intimidations, and similar arguments have been the effective means employed. They are ever busy formulating new demands, and frankly say that this is the object of their organizations, and are as little affected by gold production while exploiting their respective fields of controversy as the farthest star.

There is another aspect in price-making by the trusts that should not be overlooked. Several years ago when the wave of prosperity somewhat subsided, prices did not decline as

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in the former days of unrestricted competition. Why not? Were they sustained by the magical power of the increasing gold supply? Why did it not have the same effect during the long decline prior to 1895? What did the trust managers say when they were questioned, as they were on many occasions? They declared unhesitatingly that in their opinion a concession of prices would not stimulate demand to any appreciable extent; to lessen them, therefore, would be to sacrifice profits without any corresponding improvement to trade. And so for several years of slow business, prices of finished products were but slightly changed, because the price-makers held such a firm grip on the markets.

As an illustration of this statement, the following table is presented, showing the prices of pig-iron in which there was keen competition, and the prices of tin plates that were manufactured by a few concerns which could maintain prices:

January	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911
Pig Iron	$16.00	$20.50	$12.81	$16.11	$17.30	$22.58	$17.00	$15.40	$17.40	$14.09
Tin Plates[1]	4.00	3.60	3.45	3.55	3.50	3.90	3.70	3.70	3.60	3.67

[1]Box of 100 pounds.

One other reason for the advance, especially in agricultural products and cotton, should be given: the larger capital and credit now commanded by these classes of producers. For a long and seemingly hopeless period indebtedness threw its heavy shadow over them. The cotton crop too often was mortgaged in advance to secure the necessaries of life; the farmer was obliged to sell his grain soon after maturity to pay his interest. That was the golden period for consumers and money-lenders. There could be no delay. Credit pressure was a silent juggernaut ever rolling toward the indebted farmer and cotton-grower. To-day, possessing ample capital and credit, they have stopped throwing their products on the markets, but hold them until they can obtain their own terms. Moreover, this is a permanent change in price-making, a new vantage-ground in favor of the producer who is diligently surveying the field with the view of improving its effectiveness.

How far do these trust organizations cover the field of production? There are nearly 350 of them, conducting over 5,000 plants, and having a capital exceeding $7,000,000,000. It would be easier to show what they do not produce than to describe in detail the vast variety of products covered by their protecting wings.

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As trusts and cotton-growers and farmers do not cover the entire field of production, what shall be said about the advance of prices by other producers? They have generally followed in the wake of the trusts. Thus when the American Sugar Trust was formed for several years there were a few independent refineries, but they advanced their prices very promptly, keeping them in harmony with those fixed by the trust. Nor was this mere accident; it was the result of agreement. And in doing so they were actuated by two cogent reasons. One reason was to escape the wrath of the trust and the danger of overthrow. The other reason was immediate profit, for they had had a series of lean years and were eager to enhance their gains. For both reasons, therefore, besides several minor ones that might be mentioned, they kept close to the trusts in their prices, and in other ways sought to lessen the antagonism between them until their absorption.

The same fact applies to the independent iron and steel producers, and also producers generally outside the trusts. They have worked in harmony with the trusts because their interests could be best served by such a policy, which included, among other things, the preservation, to a large degree, of trust prices. This fact is within the ken of open knowledge and can be fortified with abundant evidence. A single illustration may be given: the wages of working-men outside the labor unions. They get essentially the same prices as unionists, a fact which embitters the latter toward them. These endure, so they assert, all the hardships of a strike, and if won, and an advance is given, the non-unionist is prompt to ask for an advance and usually obtains it. Every one can easily make inquiry for himself. If he should, he would soon learn that unorganized labor everywhere knows of the advances obtained by unionists, and is not slow in asking higher wages, which are usually given. This fact, therefore, can be as easily and strongly established as any other, that a large section of the field of prices outside organized movements have moved upward because of trust action in advancing them. In other words, outsiders in demanding advances have sheltered themselves under the widely spread trust organizations.

We have now covered a considerable area of commodities, and shown that their prices are to a large degree controlled by monopoly. Of course a monopoly may and often does

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change prices. And we should not lose sight of the fact that one object of creating trusts was to lessen the cost of production, which in many ways has been achieved. The trusts therefore could, if so minded, have lessened prices to the consumers, in some cases at least, instead of advancing them.

The trusts, however, have not covered the entire area, and what shall be said of the portion still left for survey? The gold theorist may still assert, you have not accounted for the higher general level of prices. Has not the increased gold supply been effective in raising these? In looking over this remaining portion, what is first seen? That there has been but very little advance, if any at all, in the prices of many things. Consider the large salaried class, especially the much larger portion having the smaller salaries. Surely there has been no advance corresponding with the cost of living. Had there been a uniform advance, and at the same time as in other things, the voice of discontent would never have become so loud and general. With this class may also be included railway stockholders. A few railroads have increased their dividends. During the last fifteen years, however, the larger number have maintained the old rates, while the remainder of the larger earnings has been put back into the railroads for the benefit of the public.

In the small remaining part of the area prices have been raised simply because others were getting more, a fact which may be easily learned by inquiry.

A final reason for the jacking up of prices, and one of momentous importance, is that the increase has become so general the people have become hardened to the process and are less influenced by moral or economic conditions in demanding them than they were formerly. Ask your grocer why he has raised his prices. What does he tell you? "Others have raised their prices and I must live." That is the answer. He never tells you that he does so because there is more gold around, more money, with which to pay for things; for he knows nothing about it. He simply knows that others are getting more and so he is determined to ask more. This is one of the worst consequences of the advance, the exchanging, trading conscience has become hardened. A recent illustration may be added. Eighteen months ago crude Pennsylvania oil was selling at $1.30 per

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barrel; it has recently risen to $2.40, and it is believed that the producers will work the price up to $3 per barrel. What are the chief causes of the increase? The greater gold supply? Nonsense! The diminishing supply and the increasing demand of the automobilists for gasolene. No substitute for gasolene has yet been found, and the automobilists are at the mercy of those who furnish it. Doubtless some advance in price is clearly justified, but the heavy advance from ten cents a gallon to seventeen per gallon is not founded on gold or credit or any other material cause, but solely on the desire of the producers to enhance their gains.[1]

If there be any truth in the contention that the increase of gold supply has been a patent cause in moving prices upward, why has not the interest rate on gold declined? This should be the logical and natural consequence unless some other causes have supervened. That the interest rate has advanced during recent years no one will dispute. The English and Continental financial publications especially are constantly discussing the problem. If there is any truth in the gold theorist's position, the borrower of gold or capital should say to the lender: "Your gold that you now offer to me has diminished in value, I cannot buy as many goods with it as I could with gold formerly, so you ought to lend it at a lower rate." To which we may imagine the lender would reply: "The demand for capital within a few years has greatly increased, and so, while not doubting the truth of your assertion, I must insist on a higher rate." And if the lender makes such a reply he would stand on solid ground. The enlarged demand comes from two well-defined sources: the need of the merchant for more capital in consequence of the higher prices he must pay for his merchandise, besides

[1] Another illustration may be given. In the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of February 17th it was said that "in Pittsburg a committee representing the city and the leading business bodies met a committee representing the commission men and complained that 600 cars of produce were standing in the yards and were being held for higher prices. The director of public works reported that he had personally ascertained the facts. The women charged that there is an abundance of food in the city, but that tons of it were rotting because the dealers refuse to sell at lower prices." One may ask, Have not sellers always *desired* higher prices? Is there anything new, therefore, in the attitude or demand of the Pittsburg sellers? The new thing is, they are able in many cases to make their demand more effective than sellers were formerly, by reason of the greater supply of capital and credit they now possess.

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the additional capital needed for business extension; the other enlarged demand comes from the railroads and other great enterprises for the extension of their business. These two facts, the enlarged demand for capital and the higher interest rate cannot be reconciled with the present high prices for commodities. We must therefore account for their advance in some other way than the enlarged gold supply. If gold is so abundant as to send the prices of commodities upward, surely it should send the interest rate downward. The new gold supply cannot act on prices for commodities and rates for the use of money in directly opposite ways, sending the price of the one up and the other down. It is true the assertion has been daringly mentioned that the interest rate has been advanced to cover gold depreciation. This is a purely imaginary assertion, contradicted by the entire world of finance and business. It is hopeless to attempt to enlighten any one who will thus disregard plain fact. For if any fact has been established in recent times it is the fact that the lenders of money have advanced rates, not to cover past, present or future depreciation of gold, but because the demand for money, credit or capital, for the reasons above explained, has vastly increased.

If space permitted, another phase of the subject might be considered: the effect on prices caused by the use of a more rapidly circulating medium and also the wider use of credit. If both influences were admitted, they would not strengthen the case of the gold theorist, for against these influences must be set off the greater quantity of gold used in the arts, the vast sums absorbed by India during the last ten years, the larger stocks acquired by our own and other governments, which are not used as a basis of credits and are therefore practically withdrawn from the monetary world, and lastly the greater need for money caused by the enormous expansion of trade. In the face of these well-known facts the gold theorist should no longer content himself with living in the misty land of mere assertion, but betake himself to a patient study of the facts. The inquiry is fraught with the highest importance, and is worthy the attention of every government, ours especially, as inequalities in advances are greater in the United States than in Great Britain, France, in short than in any other country.

ALBERT S. BOLLES.

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VESTED RIGHTS: A REFUTATION OF VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL'S VIEWS

BY CYRIL F. DOS PASSOS

"THAT this question may not be settled by me, let me ask their lawyers: Suppose a Governor and a General Assembly in the State of New York should repeal the statute of descents for real and personal property and the statute with reference to the making of wills, on their (thoughtless rich men's) death how much vested interest would any relative have in the property which fell from their nerveless hands at the hour of dissolution? The right to inherit and the right to devise are neither inherent nor Constitutional, but upon the contrary, they are simply privileges given by the state to its citizens."—*New York Times, April 13, 1913.*

The foregoing paragraph is an extract from Vice-President Marshall's speech which he delivered before the National Democratic Club in April, and which the newspapers sought to feature in prominent head-lines to the following effect:

"The Right to Inherit and the Right to Devise are not Constitutional and can be taken away."

It is indeed curious that no lawyer has come forward to pick up this challenge and answer it as it should be answered, not superficially, but by a careful examination of the principles upon which the laws of inheritance stand. The reason is only too apparent. The Bar generally, believes Mr. Marshall to be correct. In fact, its views have already been expressed in an editorial in *Bench and Bar* (May, 1913, p. 88), a representative legal journal:

"While most laymen are perhaps not aware of it all lawyers of course know that neither the power to make a will nor the right to take by descent, is a vested or constitutional right."

And the learned editor also remarks that "no one has yet arisen to challenge the legal accuracy" of this statement.

My study of this interesting question has convinced me that Mr. Marshall's views are erroneous and are contrary

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to the best reasoned authorities. If they are sound and are to prevail it must be admitted on all sides that a serious flaw has been discovered in our system of government. Unless corrected immediately, these views will soon spread over our entire community, and not impossibly find definite adoption in some of our statutes. Such a belief is far more dangerous than that which has but recently stalked over the land under the name "Judicial Recall." That unfortunate panacea if adopted would only poison one branch of our institutions and might not immediately spread its infection to other parts; in time it might even die a natural death. On the other hand the views of Mr. Marshall, if adopted, would destroy our institutions at one blow. There can be no question but that a revolution—a justifiable revolution—would immediately follow the abolition of the rights to devise and inherit, in which law and order would stand opposed to anarchy and socialism.

The authorities in this country, apparently sustaining Mr. Marshall's views, are principally the so-called inheritance-tax cases, of which Magoun *v.* Illinois, etc., Bank (170 U. S. 283) in the Supreme Court of the United States, and Matter of Delano (176 N. Y. 486) in the New York Court of Appeals are examples. In the former case the court, speaking by Mr. Justice McKenna, says:

> "The right to take property by devise or descent is the creature of the law, and not a natural right—a privilege, and therefore the authority which confers it may impose conditions upon it."

Even stronger language is used in the latter case, where it is said:

> "The privilege of making a will is not a natural or inherent right, but one which the state can grant or withhold in its discretion."

But in spite of this seeming authority in Mr. Marshall's favor, I venture to suggest that the inheritance-tax cases are not decisive of this question for a very obvious reason. Those cases did not involve the question at issue here, *i. e.*, the right to devise or inherit; the only question they involved was the right of the State to impose a tax upon property transferred by will or intestacy. In none of them, and in no reported case I have been able to discover, has a statute abolishing the right to devise by will, or the right to inherit in case of intestacy, been before a court or has such a law even been passed by a legislature. Unless such

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a case has been decided by a recognized and authoritative tribunal, the matter, so far as it is a legal question, remains open and undetermined. For this reason, under the familiar legal doctrine of *stare decisis,* these apparently conclusive authorities in Mr. Marshall's favor have no value whatsoever. That doctrine, properly applied, is limited to the right principle on which a particular decision rests and does not extend even to the application of such principle. It relates only to the principle itself. If the facts in a later case are different the doctrine of *stare decisis* does not necessarily apply. Here the facts are essentially different. In the inheritance-tax cases the taxing power of the State was at issue. Here, as will be shown, a property right is at issue. The taxing power is recognized to be almost entirely within the discretion of the Legislature. The Legislature has power to tax all kinds of property, whatsoever, whether tangible or intangible. Thus it may, in its discretion, tax a share of stock as personal property, or it may tax the right to transfer that share. In the latter case the tax is usually assessed upon the market value of the certificate. While theoretically the naked right of transfer is of equal value in both cases, yet as a matter of fact the value of the right of transfer depends upon the actual value of the property transferred. So, conceding the power of the State to impose inheritance taxes and to fix the amount of the tax by the value of the property transferred, it does not follow by any means that the rights to devise and inherit can be abolished.

Another argument, which is found in the history of the law in England, and which has specific reference to wills, should be answered at this place. It is frequently asserted that in England, at least, wills had their origin in the statute of 32 Henry VIII. This is not the fact. Wills were known and recognized by the Saxon law long before the Conquest. They seem to have disappeared or to have gone out of use, however, during the reign of William I. as being inconsistent with the feudal system introduced from the Continent by that Prince.[1]

At the outset of this discussion, it is important to grasp and firmly keep in mind the true meaning of "inherent" and "constitutional" rights. I understand by an inherent

[1] Pollock and Maitland, History of English Law before the Time of Edward I., Book II. Ch. VI. "Inheritance" Section 3 "The Last Will."

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right nothing more or less than a natural or absolute right; one that inheres in us under the laws of nature as human beings. By a constitutional right is meant a right protected or conferred by the Constitution, either State or Federal. Both classes of rights may in certain cases be covered by either term though they are not always synonymous. Thus the rights to life, liberty, and property within certain limitations are both natural, absolute, or inherent, and constitutional rights. This thought was well expressed by Mr. Justice Dixon in Percey *v.* Powers (51 N. J. L. 432, 433) in commenting upon the distinction between natural and civil rights:

> "By civil rights, I understand those rights which the municipal law will enforce, at the instance of private individuals, for the purpose of securing to them the enjoyment of their means of happiness. They are distinguishable from natural rights which would exist if there were no municipal law, some of which are abrogated by the municipal law, while others lay outside of its scope, and still others are enforceable under it as civil rights."

It is of course understood that civil rights in their broader sense include constitutional rights, though they may, and indeed often do, include other rights not protected by the constitution.

The question then presents itself, how are natural rights to be known and ascertained? The answer is, by the study of the law of nature. The law of nature has been defined in substance as that prescribed by the Creator, and is said to be discoverable by the light of reason (Blackstone's Commentaries, Book I., p. 39). He says further on, that this law prescribes "that man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness" (p. 41).

Upon the merits, then, what can be said in favor of a natural or inherent right to bequeath property by will or to succeed to it by reason of intestacy? In the first place, I maintain that the power of disposition is inherent in the right of property itself. It is one of the most important elements which go to make up the value of property. Would a law be sound or constitutional which forbade the transfer of property *inter vivos?* If not, why then make an exception in the case of transfers *mortis causâ.* There is no real distinction. An apparent distinction arises from the fact that the visible or physical transfer does not take place at the moment of dissolution. But the actual and legal

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transfer does take place at that very moment. There is no hiatus during which no one has a title to the property. The right of the property is of course protected by our Constitutions, State and Federal. If this argument be sound, such protection alone is sufficient to refute Mr. Marshall.

What is one of the principal reasons which leads men to acquire and hold property? Is it not to provide for their families during their lives and for their wives and children after their death? Can there be any doubt but that such is the first wish and desire of every man? Does not that laudable ambition govern his actions in daily life, and is it not one of the strongest reasons for making him a good, valuable, and law-abiding citizen? Take away from men this incentive and you strike with a single blow at the very foundations of society. You do away with all republican ideas and institutions—institutions protected by express words in the Federal Constitution which provides that "The United States shall guarantee to every state in the Union a republican form of government." (Article VI. Sec. 4.)

The origin in England, and the fate in the United States, of the doctrine of primogeniture furnishes another illustration of the natural intentions of mankind as to the distribution of their property at death. Primogeniture, or the right of the eldest son to succeed to the real property of his intestate father to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters, was introduced into England by the feudal system. It is supposed to have been unknown, or not in use, among the ancient Germans or the Anglo-Saxons prior to the Norman Conquest. But such a doctrine of descent was "considered to be incompatible with that equality of right and that universal participation in civil privileges, which is the constitutional policy of this country to preserve and inculcate" (4 Kent's Commentaries, p. 383). If such are our sentiments and constitutional policy, how can it be claimed that we have no vested right to devise property by will or inherit it in case of intestacy? The very repudiation of the doctrine of primogeniture by every State in this country shows too clearly to be misunderstood—the deep-rooted belief in equality of inheritance and the accomplishment of a long-felt desire to reinstate the original, and indeed the natural, rule of our mother country in place of the artificial one instituted by the feudal system.

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Some may come forward and say, "Yes, that is all well enough, but you overlook the taxing power, inherent in every government," and further, "The taxing power is omnipotent—the power to tax is the power to destroy." It is upon this theory that the Vice-President bases his conclusion. Such an assertion I must deny. It will not stand examination. It overlooks the true ends and purposes of all government. Government is instituted among men for the purpose of securing to them civil liberty, which indeed is only natural liberty so far restrained by just and equal laws as is necessary for the good and advancement of the whole state. When government exceeds those ends it becomes tyrannical and it is the right of the people to terminate it—and that even by revolution if need be. If property were to be taxed out of existence the government would have reached its end. An apt illustration is the French Revolution, one of the chief causes of which was the excessive and prohibitive taxes exacted by the upper class from the lower.

Constitutional lawyers have overlooked the fact that there are natural rights unmentioned by Constitutions and other organic laws, but which the Legislature would not for an instant dare to assail. It will suffice to refer to but one or two. Take for instance marriage, not the formal or ceremonial marriage, but the relationship established between man and woman. Is not this a natural right? While we frequently call it a civil contract, yet it has its origin in nature and was given this appellation only to remove it from ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Marriage or the family relationship is certainly a natural right of the highest order and recognized as such in every State. Can any one point to a guarantee of that right in any organic law? Yet will any one be bold enough to assert that it could be wiped out by a legislative fiat? Closely related to marriage, and indeed its chief end, is the right to have children. Can that be limited or enforced by human laws? Has such a right any protection in any of our Constitutions? No one will deny that, for reasons of health and public policy, reasonable limitations may be put upon both these rights. It would undoubtedly be proper to provide that certain persons suffering from incurable diseases should not marry. It would also be proper to provide a statutory form for the celebration of marriages and to

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compel persons to procure a license for which they may even be forced to pay a small license fee or tax. But will any one have the temerity to maintain that this tax could be so increased as to prohibit marriage? Does not that dispose of the argument that the power to tax is the power to destroy? Would not such a law abolish our republican form of government and strike deep into our civilization?

After pursuing these views upon the subject, it is interesting to examine the opinions of various eminent writers upon the subject of natural law.

James Lorimer, a Scotchman, published his second edition of *The Institutes of Law, a Treatise of the Principles of Jurisprudence as Determined by Nature,* in 1880, so that it is a recent work and therefore represents modern thought. Under the chapter entitled "Of the Rights and Duties which Nature Reveals," we find this statement (p. 229):

"(g) *The right to produce and multiply our being involves the right of transmitting to our offspring the conditions of the existence which we confer.*

"As regards our children and our direct descendants, the right of transmitting property springs as obviously from the right of transmitting life, as the right to possess property springs from the right to possess life. . . . We are entitled not only to live, but to live humanly; and the life which we are entitled to transmit is not bare existence in the abstract, but human existence. . . . What is commonly and quite correctly regarded as a duty to our children, is thus at the same time a right inherent in ourselves, which we are entitled to assert as against other created existences; and our laws of inheritance, as well as our laws of property, have thus their root in the subjective *persona,* and their validity when seen simply from the subjective side."

"(i) *The right to be involves the right to dispose of the fruits of being,* mortis causâ. (p. 233).

"The right of executing *mortis causâ* dispositions would at first sight seem to be excluded by a doctrine which declares that all rights originate in life, that they continued to be measured by life and terminate with life. . . . And here the first consideration which presents itself is that a *mortis causâ* deed is a transaction, not between a dead man and a living man, but between two living men,—the man who gives at the moment of giving, and the man who receives at the moment of receiving, are both in possession of the powers of life—to the extent, at all events, of being capable of consent. The only difference between it and what are usually known as transactions *inter vivos* arises from the fact that the one man must have lost his power of giving before the other can exercise his power of receiving. But this difference loses its importance when we consider that, substantially, the same thing takes place in every transference. In the very act of transferring a pound of tea, we shall say, the proprietor, *quâ* proprietor, expires—his proprietorship ceases, just as much as if he had

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dropped down dead. . . . As regards their origin, there is thus no difference at all between rights of transmitting the fruits of life *inter vivos* and *mortis causâ*."

The following is a brief extract from the opinion of that celebrated judge, Lord Mansfield, delivered in the case of Windham *v.* Chetwynd (1 Burr 414 at 419):

"First—Considering the matter *at large;* let me observe that the power of devising ought to be favored.

"It is a natural consequence of property, and the right a man has over his *own*. It was a right by the law of the land before the Conquest and down to about the time of *Henry the 2d*—"

Looking from England across the channel to Continental Europe we find the work of J. J. Burlamaqui on *Principes du Droit de la Nature et des Gens*. This famous author needs no eulogium to establish his authority. In his third book (Ed. Paris, 1820), at page 193, he says:

"OF WILLS.

"XII. . . . The power of disposing of one's effects by a will, follows naturally from the right of ownership and from social order. For in the first place, every one will concede that any one can transfer to another *inter vivos*, from hand to hand, either absolutely or subject to certain conditions, the ownership which he has over his own property. If that is true, why should he not be permitted to transfer in case of death? *Secondly*, The intended destination to his successor which an owner has of his goods must give the latter certain rights even during the testator's lifetime; and if he preserves his intention until his death and the successor accepts, the transfer of property becomes absolute; and no one could without injustice take possession of the goods of the deceased adversely to the successor. *Thirdly*, If the goods of a decedent belonged after his death to the first occupant, which would be equivalent to the right of pillage, the result would be a source of disorder, quarrels, and inconveniences. Children and other persons, for whose maintenance the deceased was bound to provide, by reason of natural obligation, would often be deprived of that which he had intended them to own, and which he had acquired by his labor and saved it by his care.

"It is on these foundations that the majority of nations have placed the power of the testator as a natural right by which one to a certain extent reconciles himself to the necessity in which he is placed of abandoning his goods by death."

"OF SUCCESSIONS AB INTESTAT. (P. 203.)

"XV.—But if some one dies without having disposed of his goods to whom should they belong? It cannot be presumed that under these circumstances the proprietor intended to abandon his goods to the first occupant and leave them as it were to the right of pillage. This would be equally contrary to the natural inclination of men, to the good of families, peace of society and to duty. It is certainly more reasonable to think

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if some one who dies *ab intestat* his intention is that his goods should pass to those who were dearest to him if we are to judge by the natural feelings of mankind and even by their sense of duty. It is by following this principle that the majority of nations have established, by means of laws of successions *ab intestat,* that the goods should pass to the nearest relatives of the deceased.

"Nature itself points out this rule. It inspires us with the inclination of working for the good and interest of our family, in the most advantageous manner possible, hoping to leave it in a prosperous condition.

"Duty joins itself to inclination in regard to children whose up-bringing and education are strongly enjoined by nature itself upon fathers and mothers, which in addition inspires them with the most tender sentiments. Those children are therefore the first, as they are the nearest, successors of a person who dies *ab intestat.*"

To the same effect is Henri Ahrens' *Course de Droit Naturel ou de Philosophie du Droit* (16th Ed., Leipzig, 1868, Vol. 2, p. 298).

There are many more authorities upon this interesting question. To quote from them all would be both tiresome to the reader and unnecessary for the purpose of this paper. Suffice it to quote a sentence from an opinion of that learned jurist, Mr. Surrogate Fowler, delivered in the Matter of Gedney (N. Y. L. J. May 13, 1913), when this article was in course of preparation.

"The question, whether inheritance is an inherent right or a grant from public society, has been already considered by such great jurists as Theophilus, Cicero, Grotius, Vinnius, Cujas, Puffendorf, Bynekerschoek, Leibnitz, Doneau, Lord Mansfield, Montesquieu, Merlin, Toullier, Proudhon, and other equally great jurists and philosophers of all times and places, and the best thought of the world at the present time is generally conceded to be expressed by the conclusion that the right to dispose of property after death is a natural and inherent right of mankind which cannot be taken away by the state. It is said by one of the greatest of the world's jurists, Troplong, that no country is entitled to be regarded as free where a right to dispose of property by will does not exist."

In the foregoing pages I have endeavored to show that the right to devise and inherit are not only natural rights but also rights protected and guaranteed by the Constitutions of this country. These rights do not appear to be of equal obligation, for the right to inherit in case of intestacy can, of course, only be effective where no devise has been made. It has been shown that the inheritance-tax cases do not apply or control this question because they do not involve the present issue; that the statute of wills was only declaratory of the common law; and that the taxing power, if pushed to its logical conclu-

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sion, would be destructive of all government. On the other hand we have seen that the right of property, admitted in all quarters to be a natural and inherent right, involves in its very nature and as one of its most important elements the right to transfer that property; that there is no essential difference between a transfer *inter vivos* and one *mortis causâ* for the very good reason that in either case the right of the original proprietor expires at the moment of transfer, and finally that the right, not absolutely and beyond control, but under proper legislative supervision has been recognized by all states that are entitled to be called in the least degree civilized and has been denied by none. It therefore follows that these rights are property rights and as such fully protected by the identical wording of the Federal (Fourth Amendment), and New York State, Constitutions (Art. 1, Sec. 6) which provide:

"No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

CYRIL F. DOS PASSOS.

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WHY IS A REVOLUTION?

BY PAXTON HIBBEN

As a nation, we find self-analysis painful. We do not cheerfully face disagreeable facts about ourselves. We are loath to believe that our progress to the position of eminence which we occupy in the world has been one of surprising rushes, interspersed with long periods of culpable torpor. As a nation among nations, we prefer not to act at all; but when we do, we generally act before we think. We do our thinking afterward, in the form of explanation and adjustment. We are peculiarly averse, however, to acknowledging this, even to ourselves. Instead, we affect an infantile irresponsibility touching our larger obligations. We are credulous only of what we wish to believe. In the last resort, we ridicule and belittle whatever disturbs our national self-absorption.

It is in this spirit of vexed levity that we have come to regard the frequent outbreaks which take place in our sister republics of this hemisphere. Their specter annoys us. Off with its head! Latin-American revolutions are dying out. They are mere opera bouffe. They are a relic of barbarism, cropping out among an essentially lawless people. What possible business is it of ours if our neighbors cut one another's throat? This view of the matter is pleasingly simple and would, no doubt, be a very comfortable way in which to dismiss the subject, were it a true one.

But it is not true. Revolutions in Latin-America, unfortunately, are not dying out. What is more, they have a very defensible reason for continuing; worse still, far from being nothing to us, we are directly responsible for the conditions which inspire them, and our general attitude toward Latin-American countries even now abets and encourages them. Moreover, though the nations of the world look to us and to us alone to do something about it, we

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have done and are doing nothing whatever of practical value really to solve the problem. Indeed, an attempt is being made of late to clothe this inaction with the dignity of a foreign policy. We spend a great deal of money on highly ornamental Pan-American Congresses; we frequently send special missions to this or that sister republic and, on appropriate occasions, point with pride to the friendly relations which have happily always existed between ourselves and the countries to the south of us. But the Latin-American revolutions continue; human beings are shot; property is destroyed; our citizens are abused and put upon—and we are satisfied to take no action.

The newspaper that reports the outbreak of a revolutionary movement in this country or that gives few, if any, details. The extent of the havoc wrought by revolution is known only to those who have seen. A revolution may indeed be a rather rough-and-ready means of changing the administration; but it may also be a horrible war of extermination. In countries like Paraguay and El Salvador, wars of this latter character have reduced the male population to a proportion of one man for about eight women. Participants have told me of battles after which every helplessly wounded man of either side was killed by the victors —there were, of course, no field hospitals; there rarely are. Defeated leaders have been beheaded and their heads carried in triumph by the victorious army; prisoners have been shot in companies, their faces to an adobe wall; non-combatants have been robbed, raped, and murdered. And these things happen to-day, just as they did five hundred years ago.

Less than two years ago don Agusto Leguía, President of Peru, was hunted out of his palace and dragged through the streets by a mob. They stood him up before the stone base of a monument to one of the liberators of the country, in a public plaza of Lima, and made it very clear to him that he must resign the presidency of the republic there and at once. A screaming negro stood over him, a naked machete in hand, begging to be allowed to behead him. But the President did not resign. Just at this juncture some of the army of the republic, which receives its pay from the President, turned into the plaza. When the smoke had cleared away, somewhat bloody but unharmed, don Agusto Leguía made a colonel of the lieutenant

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commanding the soldiers and returned to the profitable business of being President of Peru.

Not many months ago the regular election to choose the successor of Señor Leguía was held in Peru. There were two aspirants to the office: don Guillermo Billinghurst and don Antero Aspíllaga. The business of Peru stopped for the four days of the election, while armed mobs paraded the streets; houses were burned, dramshops were looted, and a number of people were shot. After it was all over neither Señor Aspíllaga nor Señor Billinghurst was President of Peru. Don Agusto Leguía was still tenaciously clinging to that office and it required some three months to persuade him of the election of Señor Billinghurst, his own candidate. All of this happened just a little while since—but there was nothing about it in our newspapers.

For four years, General Eloy Alfaro was President of Ecuador—a popular man at first and the leader of the Liberals. Under him, as his Minister in the adjacent country of Colombia, served General Julio Andrade. At the death of President Estrada, Alfaro's successor, Generals Eloy Alfaro and Leonidas Plaza fell to fighting over the succession to the presidency. General Andrade joined Plaza against his former chief; and Plaza, thanks to him, was victorious. Alfaro and his associates were shot, beheaded, dragged through the streets, and publicly burned by mobs. General Plaza was provisional President; General Andrade was one of his Ministers. Within two months, Andrade, who had served Alfaro, who had served Plaza against Alfaro, plotted to overthrow Plaza and seize the presidency himself. General Plaza did not hesitate; he had Andrade shot.

The *dénouements* of these two incidents took place about a year ago, in countries both of which are nearer the Panama Canal than New Orleans is; in the two countries we have, invested, almost fifty million dollars.

Now we of the United States do not understand this sort of thing at all. People who behave in this shocking way either are unbalanced people, whom one cannot take seriously, or they are wanton triflers with the sacred principles of democracy. In any case, to us it seems both very needless and very uncivilized. The people of such countries must be totally unfit for self-government and, when we think of them at all, we conceive them as being more or less black, scantily clothed, and very excitable. Even those of us who

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should have knowledge of such matters consider our Latin-American neighbors as sentimental, impractical people, unstable, and lacking in any fundamental sense of honesty or of justice. That it may be just possible that there is another side to the medal does not occur to us; nor has what the Latin-American, in his turn, thinks of us ever occupied the attention of either the people of the United States or the State Department long enough really to be found out.

This is unfortunate. For there are about seventy-five millions of people in South and Central America and the independent islands of the Caribbean, whose imports already reach the sum of a billion dollars annually; and we, who are nearest them, sell them less than a quarter of what they buy abroad. But it is unfortunate for a much more vital and far-reaching reason than any commercial one.

Almost ninety years ago we guaranteed, politically, to the countries of Europe, and by inference to all the world, what Mr. Monroe called "the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it"; and since that time we have repeatedly reasserted that guarantee, as specifically as it were possible to put it into words. In recent years indeed we have added a very admirable and unequivocal statement, for all who run to read, of what we consider decent and proper behavior on the part of the people of those countries, and of the pains and penalties consequent on a failure to conform to this standard—albeit we have done very little to enforce the penalties. By this, our national guarantee, we have assumed a very grave responsibility toward all the nations of the world—a responsibility which they naturally look to us to discharge with honor and without chicanery. We have not always done so; rather we have sought to evade our responsibility, so long as its discharge insured us no immediate material benefits. But as the world's trade with Latin-America grows, and as the stability of the governments of the Latin-American republics passes from a matter of purely local to a matter of international concern, it is plain that we must either maintain our guarantee fairly, or we must purge ourselves of our responsibility as publicly as we assumed it. Twice in the past two years representatives of European powers have asked our Government what we intended to do about the wretched state of affairs in Mexico; our assurances were in the nature of excuse and avoidance. Yet our first duty

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is unquestionably toward those countries whom we have informed that we could not view any interposition for the purpose of controlling in any manner the destinies of the Latin-American republics in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward us. And our second duty is to the people whose independence we thereby guaranteed. Both are very positive obligations. They cannot be discharged by mere words. They cannot, with honor, be shifted, evaded, or denied.

In his message of December 6, 1904, the President of the United States said:

> "All that this country desires is to see the neighboring countries stable, orderly, and prosperous. Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendship. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States. Chronic wrongdoing or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

No one could desire a cleaner statement of the duty accruing to us under the Monroe Doctrine. It is in the discharge of this duty that we are culpable. It is charged, and it is true, that we have, especially recently, attuned our performance of this moral obligation to the advantage of certain influential business interests. We have exercised the police power only where its exercise has profited certain American investors; where the disturbance of present conditions, however bad they may be, would upset the financial arrangements of those who are heard with respect in Washington, we have been blind to both chronic wrongdoing and impotence. Of this the Latin-American republics have not been ignorant and of this such countries as Guatemala and Colombia have taken what advantage they may. Only a just contempt of us in Latin-America can result from any exercise of our police power which is not absolutely consistent and absolutely impartial.

Now this can be accomplished in one of two ways: we can either coerce each and every turbulent Latin-American republic into conducting its affairs as we think they should be conducted (and that is not so impossible as one thinks),

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or we can go about achieving our ends and those of civilization in a more Machiavellian manner. Assuming a general antipathy to the use of force as the sole means of maintaining stability, order, and prosperity in Latin-America, any other course requires first of all that we understand our Latin-American as he is, not as we should like or have grown accustomed to think him; as the astute adviser of princes instructed his diplomats, we must learn the character of the people with whom we have to deal in this affair. British, Germans, French, Scandinavians, even Italians, we know; they form part of our heterogeneous political entity. But with the character of Portuguese and Spaniards we have little experience; far less with the racial precipitate resulting from four centuries of adding this blood to that of Indians of such totally divergent types as those which people the lands to the south of us. We must ask, then: what *is* the Brazilian, the Costa Rican, the Venezuelan, and the rest—and why does he behave as he does? And we must find out.

We know that he lives under much the same idealistic application of the theories of Rousseau that handicap us, and that he comes no nearer their realization than we. If his failure in this respect seems more conspicuous than ours, he is at least more candid about it. Our political hypocrisy may confuse us; he knows that his is but the lip service of any real liberty. He is the individualist undefiled. That communistic end toward which our democracy is stumbling, to him is the veriest mirage; one cannot imagine a Latin patriot even conceiving government of the people, by the people, for the people. His is an absolute rule of the majority, not by any means necessarily a majority of votes, but of those units of political domination which we, ourselves, have found to be vastly more potent than mere numbers. But where the divisions of our political units are along the lines of class, occupation, habitat, and, to some extent, principle, his follow the more individual considerations of family, church, ambition, and profit. With him as with us, political conviction is oftenest mere prejudice; but with him active participation in politics is primarily a business—and it is the most paying business open to him.

To the prosecution of this business he brings a singleness of purpose, a personal fearlessness, and a boldness and

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shrewdness of method not to be despised. To achieve his end, which is simply a comfortable livelihood without too much effort, he affiliates himself with one of the two or more political parties, theoretically divided upon liberal and conservative lines, but actually without any other fundamental distinction than the position given the Church. In allying himself with a party, however, he is neither sentimental about it nor does he deceive himself respecting the function of political parties in democratic government; with him, a party is a means, not an end; his affiliation with one party lasts so long as it is useful to him—no longer.

For, with the exception of the Church problem, to which there are very evidently two sides, the declared political purposes of opposing groups of politicians in Latin-America are in seeming disagreement merely upon matters of administrative and governmental expediency, while the real source of the opposition of parties lies in the designs of the individuals identified with them. In a word, there are but two political camps in a Latin-American republic: those who are in power and who profit therefrom, and those who are not in power but who desire and will go any lengths to achieve what their opponents possess. To these respective ends, each party seeks to distinguish itself with as clever and as able leaders as possible, and to conciliate as many units of political influence as it can. Of the latter, the Church and the army are the more valuable, but classes of people following certain occupations are also important, and much more readily tractable. Thus, in the Argentine Republic, the wheat and cattle kings wield enormous influence, as do the banana-planters in Costa Rica and the mining interests of Bolivia.

If, then, by some injudicious administrative measure, the politicians in power in a given country alienate from their support the Church, the army, the bankers, or some wealthy and influential family, the unit of influence so estranged is added to the ranks of the opposition; and the separation of this one political unit from the party in power may very well serve to turn its majority of such units into a minority. In that event, the Government must, of course, and does, change at once. The change may be, and in some countries generally is, effected peaceably; but in far the greater part of the Latin-American republics, and at some time in every one, the exact practical value of a political disaffection from

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the ruling party is to be ascertained only by a direct return to the very bases of democracy, the arbitrament of force. To the Latin-American, therefore, revolution is often the sole logical method of deciding which disputing group of professional politicians shall hold office. It is more than that. It is often, too, the sole practical method of giving this decision effect.

In this lies the *raison d'être* of revolution in Latin-America, in his own eyes. From his birth to his death, he is everywhere confronted with conditions, not theories—and he must and does, for his intellectual salvation, make theories to fit the conditions. From the pulpits, the hoardings, the specious columns of a prolific press, the people of Latin-America tell themselves that this is the way to liberty—and are persuaded. Why should they not be? What they have is evidently neither freedom nor even security; their only hope is in constant change whence, one day, may emerge the desired state of happiness. Plainly, then, it is not that the people are turbulent and unstable, as we pretend; it is rather simply that they are so literal, so relentlessly logical in their pursuit of the Rousseauistic ideal of democracy with which we saddled them. We of the United States have been content on more than one occasion—the last very recently—to accept the rule of a President chosen by a minority of all the people. Our course may have been both wise and practical, but no one will maintain that it was not more a betrayal of the principles of representative government than, for example, the disastrous Chilean revolution of 1891, fought between the executive and the legislative branches of the Government.

It would appear from all of this that revolution in Latin-America is neither a mischievous habit nor, at bottom, chronic wrong-doing and impotence; that, quite the contrary, it is a not unwarranted means to a very desirable end. To pretend that revolutions in Latin-America are mere wantonness is unfair and unreasonable; to pretend that they have ceased or are ceasing to exist is stupid. More than a year ago the representative of the division of Latin-American affairs of the State Department endeavored, in a public speech, to create the impression that revolutions in South America are mere specters "decked out with the paraphernalia of melodramatic exaggeration by the facile pen of our well-informed press," as he put it. As a matter of fact, the service of our

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well-informed press is not, unfortunately, sufficiently complete to give any adequate idea of the revolutions which do occur; but our diplomatic service is, and our Government cannot be ignorant that, during the past four years, in seventeen of the twenty Latin-American republics there has been one or more armed rebellions against the existing Government, all of which—an average of more than five per year—resulted in destruction of property and loss of human life. Of the remaining three more pacific countries, one is under a virtual United States protectorate. Certainly it is not by the folly of seeking to deceive ourselves as to the facts nor by any sweeping condemnation of all political unrest in Latin-America that we can be of aid to the countries so harassed. If we would discharge the duty which we have imposed upon ourselves by the Monroe Doctrine, we must acknowledge and understand conditions, and then endeavor to meet them as they are.

I have said that the primal justification of revolution to the Latin-American is that it is often, in his conception, the sole practical method of learning which of two claimants has a real majority of those units of influence upon which the right to rule, in any democracy, is based. The Latin is nothing if not logical and, in America at least, he rejects as purely academic the suggestion that this conflict be decided by a counting of votes. Aside from the indisputable fact that the great mass of the people are totally incapable of an intelligent exercise of the suffrage, to the lucid mind of the Latin a trained and equipped army is worth something like five times its numbers in simple citizens of the republic. As the right of the majority to rule is based upon the conceded ability of the majority to maintain itself by force, any majority not obtained by counting the soldier as the equivalent of five civilians is merely a paper majority, a fiction of theorists. There is no grown man in any Latin-American republic who might not have seen this proved, in his own country. He believes, with Lincoln, that a majority always changing easily with popular opinion, is the only true sovereign of a free people; but he insists upon a point which we pass somewhat lightly over: the willingness of the majority to change *easily*. If it will not, he claims on any and every occasion, if he so choose, the right of appeal to the first principles of majority rule which we ourselves exercised in 1861. And

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the practical result of these appeals when made only fortifies him in his conviction that, in computing working majorities, the weight of mere numbers is of very minor significance compared with the possession of money, arms, the influence of the Church, or a score of other decisive factors of public opinion.

One can scarcely charge, on these grounds at least, that the Latin-American is impractical or even undemocratic. Neither is he sentimental. No devotion to the theory of popular government has ever yet led any Latin-American statesman to try to saddle an apathetic proletariat with the responsibility for the errors of those to whom government is a business and a source of profit; he is not a political welcher. Neither does he use popular suffrage to confuse the political conscience of the common people, by forcing ballots on every conceivable subject. The part of the plain people in his democracies is a very real one indeed, but it is not played by making marks on a large sheet of paper covered with printed names, nor by lifting little ratchets and throwing over a lever. They do not vote; they do not care to vote. Their ancestors did not rebel against Spain or Portugal to be eternally bothered with casting ballots. They objected principally to the imported office-holder and all his train; they hated to produce wealth year after year simply to see it disappear from the country. They still feel that way—hence their savage bitterness toward the foreigner. But whether Dr. Eduardo Ramírez of Concepción or General Abraham Martínez of Santa Rosalia comes to power is a matter of complete indifference to the peon. He knows that there is no real basal disagreement in the purposes of the two; but he knows, also, that neither General Martínez nor Dr. Ramírez will ever forget to reckon with his mob. Sailing too close to the wind of popular indignation is one of the surest methods of political and often actual suicide; the judgments of the common people may be infrequent, but they are swift and terrible.

Here, then, is one kind of true democracy. No political leader may rest secure in the consciousness that there can be no further expression of the will of the people for two or four years. Revolution is not only a means of distinguishing a working majority and a method of securing to such a majority the control to which it is entitled; it is also the unfailing redress of an oppressed or neglected proletariat.

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So far, revolution may seem an excellent institution which it would be absurd to discourage. That is not, however, the impression I would give. I desire merely to make it quite clear that the frequent revolutions in Latin-America are neither wholly indefensible nor evidences of any fundamental lack of reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters on the part of those who have recourse to them. They are, indeed, simply a means to the realization of a conception of democracy neither better nor worse, but different from our own — a conception essentially Latin, which we only retard our purpose by condemning offhand. The fear of revolution is one of the safeguards of liberty in any country; it is into the seeming intemperance of Latin-Americans in their appeal to this last resort that we must inquire.

Certain dramatists and short-story writers to the contrary notwithstanding, there is nothing of opera bouffe in a Latin-American revolution. Grotesque they may be. There is something ludicrous about the proportion of officers to common soldiers. A combination of gold-braided coats and bare feet is certainly fantastic. But the arms of this curiously dressed, undisciplined rabble are as efficacious as those of a properly uniformed private in the German army. Their work is death in Central America as elsewhere. Indeed, a battle-field is rather more ghastly there than if the struggle had taken place in the Balkans, or anywhere else in Europe. There are few of the conveniences of modern warfare in Latin-America. There are, however, all of its horrors. One would think, then, that a people who had once passed through the disastrous experience of a revolution would be willing to sacrifice something of the principles of democracy rather than again face poverty, disease, and death in that form. And so, of course, they would, were it not for another element of the problem. Primordially, revolutions in Latin-America may have been the manifestation of a much more admirable and a much less compromising devotion to liberty than is ours—or theirs, either—today. For with them as with us the commercial spirit of the age has poisoned the ideal of democracy. The reasons of Latin-Americans for their revolutions were originally, and may sometimes yet be, of the highest. But the practical cause of the frequency of revolution now is much more often that there is profit in it.

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And by profit I do not mean merely the financial profit of the man who is dictator for a few years and who escapes unassassinated with what he has been able to secure by one means or another; I mean that there is some profit in it for every one, save the rare man of peace and the foreign investor. Those who are defeated have had a congenial, not very exacting, if extra-hazardous employment, for so long as they have been able to maintain the struggle. They have requisitioned their supplies from the estates through which they have passed; they have secured funds by robbing the Government customs-houses and *estancos,* by collecting imposts and levying taxes. The very peon in the ranks has fed of the fat of the land and looted grogshops for his drink. He had nothing to lose, to begin with, but an adobe cabin and an acre of ground somewhere; to these he returns in any case, if he be alive at the end of the war. Whether he is fighting or not, he must work from dawn to dark to keep body and soul together; generally speaking, he is better fed and better clothed, and his work is much less arduous as a soldier than as a laborer. As for the officers who make up the immediate supporters of the revolutionary leader, they have not fared badly, either, considering that they have daily risked their lives. They are no more ruined than if they had gone into an unsuccessful mining deal or put an unfortunate bank at baccarat at the club. They have played for a big stake and they have had no little excitement—which is not the least of their compensations, as he will agree who has known the unrelieved monotony of places like Guayaquil or Tegucigalpa. On the whole, no one who has engaged in the revolution and come out alive has lost anything but time—which is no great loss in Latin-America.

But the profits of the victors are limited solely by their ability to exact money from every available source without rousing sufficient hostility to be turned out of office. The fortunes accumulated by such captains of revolutionary industry as José Santos Zelaya and Cipriano Castro are stupendous; both began with nothing. One financial genius, who was acting President of a South-American country for only two months, cleared a million dollars so cleverly that he was able to continue to live unmolested among the people whom he had robbed. Few if any Latin-American countries are so developed that colossal fortunes may not still

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be made in exploiting them; these are the rewards of sucess in politics.

If the greedy politician must resort to revolution to secure his opportunity, he knows at least that the game is worth the candle. There is no country in Latin-America in which the spoils of office are not almost incredibly great, no country in which the frankest corruption is not inseparable from the administration of the Government and the conduct of business having to do with the Government. The very condition of impoverishment in which constant revolutions leave these countries is one of the most potent factors in the perpetuation of revolutions; for the state of economic uncertainty which they induce affords the ambitious no other means of livelihood even comparable to politics. So long as the Latin-American can defend his course, as he does defend it both to himself and to every one else, by reference to the indisputable ethical and logical justifications of revolution which I have been at some pains to analyze, and so long as revolution is at all hazards a profitable and, when successful, the most profitable commercial enterprise open to him, there is no valid reason to expect him to desist.

It may be just enough to contend that the only substantial remedy for all of this is to be found in a truer conception of democracy, in the education of the people, in actual exercise of the franchise, and the consequent assumption by all classes of the responsibilities of representative government. No doubt this is so. But it is no truer in Latin-America than it is in the United States. It cannot be done in a day nor a decade; and it can never be done by working on a basis of conditions as they exist in Latin-America at present. Yet the fact that the regeneration of Latin-America will require much time and infinite patience is not a reason why great material good should not result from more immediate though empirical reforms. On the contrary, were peace and stability of government assured, by whatever agency, in every country of Latin-America, as they are assured in Panama and Cuba, there is every ground for believing that a reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters must follow. Indeed, with the unquestioned brilliancy and logic which, much more than with us, governs his conduct, one might hope to achieve through the Latin-American a better solution of the prob-

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lems of popular government than any yet reached. But the Latin-American is far too practical to undertake this for purely sentimental reasons; so long as existing conditions support him in reasonable comfort, he will no more set about altering them than would we; and it is idle to try to flatter or beguile him into it. Change, if there is to be any, must come from without—and must come whether the Latin-American like it or not.

We only deceive ourselves in considering him either impractical or sentimental in this, his peculiarly astute improvement of the position in which we have placed him; and in so much as we deceive ourselves, we are incapacitated for any useful action in correction of conditions. The Latin-American will continue, not without reason, to despise our curious guilelessness, to play our gullibility, to profit of our tergiversation, our sentimentality. Why should he not? It is we who have placed and kept him where he is, and it is the foreign—principally the European—investor who suffers, who patiently rebuilds between outbreaks what the politicians in their struggle destroy. The Latin-American knows that the despite which he may put upon the European is nothing to us; and he knows that the hands of the European are tied by the Monroe Doctrine. We, of the United States, bear the responsibility of this false situation; ever since the Monroe Doctrine guaranteed the integrity of the republics of Latin-America, what they might do with their liberty has been our problem, not theirs. "We could not view *any* interposition for the purpose of . . . controlling *in any manner* their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition *toward the United States.*" The italics are mine, but the words are those of President Monroe's message.

Our purpose was avowedly selfish; the advantage that the Latin-American republics have taken of the example we set has not been less so. Of this we are estopped from complaining; but neither need we delude ourselves. There is not and never was anything altruistic about the transaction, and it is preposterous to expect the Latin-American to display a large high-mindedness where we, his mentors in liberty, have shown none. With him his unique situation is as much a practical business opportunity as the European wars of the early part of the nineteenth century were to us. It is only by recognizing this, by ceasing to be sentimental

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over it, and by handling the problem of actual, existing conditions—for which we are largely responsible—with clear-headed and unhesitating business acumen, that we may honestly discharge instead of shirk our duty. Mr. Roosevelt's message of December 6, 1904, is all the ground that we need to proceed upon; the nations of Europe, the Latin-American republics themselves await our action. That any course we may decide to adopt be consistent, impartial, unflinching and pursued to its logical end — this alone is required for success. And this alone can inspire in our Latin-American neighbors a respect which, hitherto, we have neither deserved nor received.

PAXTON HIBBEN.

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THE BLUE MERTENSIA

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THIS is the path he used to take,
That ended at a rose-porched door:
He takes it now for old time's sake,
And love of yore.

The blue mertensia, by the stone,
Lifts questioning eyes, that seem to say,
"Why is it now you walk alone
On this dim way?"

And then a wild bird from a bough,
Out of *his* heart the answer takes:
"He walks alone with memory now
And heart that breaks.

"And loss and longing, witches, who
Usurp the wood and change to woe
The dream of happiness he knew
Long, long ago.

"The faery princess, from whose gaze
The blue mertensia learned that look,
Retaining still beside these ways
The joy it took. . . ."

He listens; conscious of no part
In wildwood question and reply.
The wood, from out its mighty heart,
Heaves one deep sigh.

MADISON CAWEIN.

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THE YOUNGER NOVELISTS

BY MRS. W. L. COURTNEY.

EVERY publishing season brings its crop of novels by established favorites, and reputations already made advance, recede or mark time. But it was characteristic of the spring season of 1913, and surely appropriate, that it marked a very distinct advance in the case of some reputations not so securely established. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Maurice Hewlett gave us their fresh work in the autumn, and there was nothing very new to say about it. Mr. Arnold Bennett has been resting on his oars and turning his attention to dramatization. But such comparative new-comers as Mr. Gilbert Cannan and Mr. Hugh Walpole have been going ahead and producing work, which from many points of view is rather remarkable.

First we note that the fashion for the long novel tracing the hero from his cradle to his grave still holds. It is difficult to say who began it. There was Mr. De Morgan of course, but he was more of a survival and an anachronism than a pioneer. He had graduated in the school of Dickens and Thackeray, and *Joseph Vance* was merely the late germination of seed sown in boyhood. Probably Mr. H. G. Wells is more responsible than anybody else for pretty nearly all the latest developments of English fiction, so we may as well give him the credit, or discredit, of the leisurely psychological development so much fancied at present. Any way he wrote *Tono Bungay* and *The New Machiavelli,* which devote at least a third of their pages to the hero's boyhood and adolescence—particularly adolescence—even if he stopped short of the romance in eight volumes (or is it ten?), which our neighbors across the Channel have been enjoying as *Jean Christophe.*

Whether Mr. Wells began it or not, it is quite certain that his most prominent disciple, Mr. Arnold Bennett, fostered

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it, and it is equally certain that it still remains the ideal of promising novelists. Mr. Gilbert Cannan's *Round the Corner* and Mr. Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude* both proceed at a very comfortable pace, the first giving us the life-history of a family, the second of an individual. There are other and more deep-seated resemblances between the two books; there is a care and a conscientiousness about detail which is a reproach to the facile work of the later Victorian novelists, and there is a common readiness to probe to the bottom of the deeper problems of life, which does the writers infinite credit. But there are differences no less striking. Mr. Walpole's work is conscientious, but it is also self-conscious; indeed it comes perilously near sometimes to being priggish. Mr. Cannan's is so conspicuously un-self-conscious, that it risks being obscure. His story seems to develop on its own lines independently of its begetter. You wonder now and again whether he quite knows what he is after; probably he does not, for his subject takes him and shapes him, and if the result at its worst is obscurity, at its best it comes very near the grand impersonality of all great art. There are some pages near the end of the book describing the last journey of the shallow, boastful business man, whose bubble has exploded and whose sins have found him out, which Mr. H. G. Wells has only once equalled, in that wonderful chapter of *Tono Bungay,* describing the death of Mr. Ponderevo.

But this is to anticipate. What Mr. Cannan sets out to do is to give us the life of Francis Christopher Folyat, scion of a county family, who is cheated of his chance of a commission in the army through the favoritism of his mother—"who had been the celebrated Miss Cresitter, and she never forgot it." Forced to give way to his younger brother he enters the Church, does his duty as a curate, marries, takes family preferment, begets and rears a large brood of healthy children in a West country rectory, allows his wife to involve him in unnecessary pretentions and expenses, and on the late dawning in him of a deeper sense of spiritual things, insists on removing to Manchester, or as he calls it "going to the poor." Thenceforward he leads a spiritual and intellectual life apart, the spectator rather than the sharer of his family's development, an enigma to his shallow, self-deceiving, genteel, and peevish wife, in the world but not of it, a saint in the making, understood best, though even then imperfectly, by his eldest son Serge, and his youngest

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daughter Annette. It is with Serge that Mr. Cannan has taken most pains, and it is part of the irony of art which, like the wind of the spirit, blows where it listeth, that Serge is only half successful, whereas the portrait of the younger son Frederick is a little masterpiece. Serge had run away in boyhood; he returns early in the Manchester days, a traveled Ulysses, a philosopher, and an artist, who looks at his father with tolerant understanding and has but one touchstone to apply to all life's difficulties, that it is only happiness which matters. He sits in his attic and paints, and lets who will come and talk to him, taking no active part in shaping events but ready to lend a helping hand to all who need it. The most positive thing which he does is to become the loving friend and counselor, never the lover, of the girl of the people whom Frederick has got into trouble, teaching her that she must hold fast to love and happiness for the sake of the child that is coming and helping even Francis Folyat to advance a step in saintliness by showing him that there is a higher law than the church-made law of insisting on the sense of sin.

Frederick, on the other hand, who inherits his mother's commonness and insincerity and inveterate habit of self-deception, leads the city clerk's existence with the city clerk's ideas of "seeing life." He gets this girl into trouble not because he is led astray by love or passion, but because such experiences are part of his creed. We remember in passing Mr. Ponderevo's "affair," due not so much to inclination as to a sense that he owed it to his growing wealth and position to have somebody to give illicit diamonds to. When consequences ensue, Frederick resents them as a personal grievance; other young men do these things and get off scot-free, and he is more than relieved when Serge and his father decide against a forced marriage, though they are careful to tell him that it is not for his sake but for the girl's. His marriage later to the girl his mother provides for him, his weak selfish treatment of her, his need for self-glorification, his hunger for her forced admiration, his absolute incapacity to understand that the other girl, whom he had first wronged, does not want anything more to do with him and is not going to help him to think himself a fine fellow for offering her a tardy, sentimental reconciliation which involves treachery to his wife, his whole histrionic, feeble, invertebrate career, with its flashy success in business, end-

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ing in fraud, despair, and suicide, has been drawn by a master hand. This alone would give Mr. Cannan a right to rank among great artists, even if he cannot always in future keep his art at that high level. Take the passage describing Frederick's start on his last journey:

"He was rather a long time packing the little handbag he always took with him to town. She (his wife) went to remind him that it was getting late and found him with his hand in a drawer. He shut it hastily and asked her to fetch his tobacco-pouch from upstairs. When she came down again he was waiting for her at the front door. She walked to the little iron gate with him and they kissed. As he reached the kerb he turned to look at her and saw the old ladies and gentlemen at their windows, and he felt with a twinge of shame that for years he had been a spectacle without knowing it. . . He thought Jessie looked rather ill, tired, old, and bony. It was absurd for them to kiss in public. . . Everything seemed absurd, fantastical, and unreal. The world was presented to his eyes in sharper outline than he had ever seen it before. It was bathed in a cold gray light. It had nothing to do with him. It was going on. He felt stationary. That his body was moving was nothing. His thoughts were not moving. Everything was absurd. The new sharply outlined world, with its curious interwoven activities (he saw how they were dovetailed), was moving on. The world with which he had been concerned—the world in which he had been miserable, elated, crestfallen, amused, disgusted—the world in which he had known affection and companionship and spite and jealousy—was moving backward, sinking from under his feet while he himself stood on the verge of a nonsensical dawn that had its light from a setting sun. Away from him, backward and forward, everything moved faster and faster, making him dizzy, intolerably dizzy, sick and cold with it."

But it is the whole chapter that deserves to be quoted, not a single passage. That and the final scene, when, grown old and tired, Francis Folyat has gone back with his wife and the last of his family to the West country, and there gives back his life to the spirit who gave it. Serge comes in at the last, the understanding soul who breathes the author's comments on life, who knows that "life is good," even all the more good inasmuch as it is rounded with a sleep.

There is much more in the book than could be here set down. There is the story of Annette, the youngest girl, and the poem of her love for Bennett Lawrie; there is the portrait of old James Lawrie, bacchanalian artist and glorious, if inebriate, lover and eulogist of life; there is the uglier picture of faded womanhood in the elder daughters' inveterate pursuit of husbands; and there is the sordid tragedy of Minna's marriage. Indeed the book is rich in characterizations with some of the richness of life itself.

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Folyat's wife in her way is as much a masterpiece as his youngest son. The people of the story come and go, cross and intermingle like persons in the streets of a city, and one can well believe that their creator himself watches them with detached interest and sympathy, in short with that impersonality which belongs to the true artist. It is not Mr. Cannan telling a story; it is a piece of life making itself articulate through Mr. Cannan's mouth.

Mr. Hugh Walpole's book is a very different matter. He has taken infinite pains with it, and to use a simile almost too hackneyed for repetition, but in this instance entirely apt, it is very good "in parts." There is the Cornish part, and there is the bookshop; those stand out as living pictures. And there is some clever observation of the ways of literary tea-parties with incidental portraits of literary celebrities, which, if Mr. Walpole will forgive the criticism, is good photographic work, not art. And besides this there are long portions of the book, which even the author's conscientious pains have failed to make live, the public school, the Bloomsbury boarding-house, the life with Clare in the little bijou house on the Chelsea embankment. In some measure the defect is due to the author's own strenuousness. He refuses to let his subject lead him, he absolutely declines to shirk anything, or exercise any preference as to what he shall put in or leave out. You can see him metaphorically girding up his loins, taking his morning cold bath and going through his physical exercises so that he may spare neither himself nor us any detail, for instance, of that dreadful scene of the beating of Peter by his father, dwelt on not because Mr. Walpole has any love of cruelty—that one never feels for a moment—but because the critic in him judges it to be necessary for the development of his story. But a critic is one thing and a selective artist is another, and the measure in which Mr. Walpole lets the first take the place of the second is just the measure of his failure to make his story living. All of which is perhaps only a longer way of saying that his bane is self-consciousness.

He sets out to tell the story of a boy whose destiny is to become a writer. Peter Westcott is the only child of a stern and cruel father and a repressed and delicate mother, and all the happiness his childhood knows comes from the winds and the waves and the rocks of his Cornish home, and from the society of Stephen Brant, the great, burly fisherman,

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whose strength and affection are both a comfort and an inspiration to the trembling, imaginative boy. With the death of the mother, whom he has only at the last learned really to know, and with his defiance of the father whose cruelty is degenerating into mania, Peter's childhood ends. Before that period we have had a picture of his school life, valuable in so far as it illustrates his type by contrasting him with other types of boys, but surely almost unnecessarily distasteful in its main outlines. The emancipated Peter, offered a job in London by a queer, foreign secondhand-bookseller, Mr. Zanti, a friend of Stephen's, comes to London and spends his days in a dark little shop in Soho and his nights in a somewhat idealized Bloomsbury boarding-house. The little shop is a meeting-place for Anarchists, whom Mr. Zanti harbors out of a romantic zeal for adventures. When one of them turns theory into action by a futile attempt on the life of the old Queen, Stephen turns up in the nick of time and carries off Peter. The pair of them nearly starve down in Houndsditch, until Peter is rescued by the good offices of his friend, Norah O'Monoghue from the boarding-house, the delicate, hard-worked girl, who has cheered him on to write a novel and has got a firm of publishers to undertake to bring it out. From a serious illness Peter recovers to find himself staying in the house of Bobby Galleon, a married schoolfellow, and about to be launched into literary society as the author of *Reuben Hallard*. Bobby is the son of a great novelist, Henry Galleon, who encourages Peter and teaches him reverence. But Peter is ensnared first by success and later by Clare Rossiter, the spoiled and pretty daughter of a fashionable doctor. His headlong wooing of Clare carries her off her feet into a marriage, which is blissful happiness at first for both and then disillusionment for Clare. She is selfish and she is afraid, afraid of pain, afraid of Peter's earlier friends, afraid of the darker strain in him, which we are led to suppose, though this is very imperfectly worked out, is his heritage from his forefathers. At a critical moment a handsome schoolfellow, rather too reminiscent of Dickens's Steerforth, comes back into Peter's life and robs him of his wife. And at the last we have Peter back in Cornwall in the company of the dying Norah O'Monoghue, the woman who truly loved him, but whom by one of those tragedies of mismating not infrequent in life, but much more frequent in novels, he had allowed to eat her heart

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out in solitude. No happy ending of the conventional order, but a stern and strenuous insistence on the key-note of the book, that you judge a man by what he can endure, that the moral of life is fortitude. It is a fine moral, and our only quarrel with Mr. Walpole is that he lets the moralist in him get the better of the artist, that he is always disciplining and dragooning his subject instead of letting his subject lead him, and that in consequence not a few of his characters seem to be more figments of the author's fancy than living men and women. This is especially true of the women. Clare and Norah are not women, they are a young man's ideas about women, which is a very different matter. Some of the literary ladies of the tea-parties are cleverly observed, but there is no woman in the book who is a real creation, and for this reason we are not so deeply touched by the tragedy of mismating as Mr. Walpole intended us to be. Perhaps, too, we should be more stirred by the call to fortitude if we could rid ourselves more completely of the notion that we are being preached at. But Mr. Walpole is young and has the high seriousness of his age. If he can mellow into the riper philosophy of middle life without losing the single-mindedness of youth we shall have fewer purple patches and a more all-pervading sense that it is life which matters.

One hardly knows whether a writer whose work has been more than fourteen years before the public can rightly be classed among the "younger novelists." But Miss May Sinclair's spring novel *The Combined Maze* is so pre-eminently a tragedy of mismating that it seems to come in appropriately, the more so as it has so many of the qualities which Mr. Walpole lacks, though it is a much more concentrated and definitely limited piece of work than *Fortitude*. It is the story of Ranny Ransome, a young clerk with very clearly defined ideas about physical fitness and a "decent" standard of behavior. His god is his body, and when he is not sprinting along the streets at night to keep himself "fit," he is at the "Poly" gymnasium executing prodigies on the parallel bars. There he meets with Winny Dymond, leader of the band of women gymnasts at that self-same institution and by day cashier and bookkeeper in a respectable linen-draper's at Wandsworth. The *milieu* is one with which Mr. Wells has familiarized us, but it is to Miss Sinclair's infinite credit that whilst her Ranny is as real and as thoroughly

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individualized as anything Mr. Wells ever drew, her Winny and later her Violet, the girl who seduces Ranny though technically herself seduced, are much more finely touched in than Mr. Wells's women. Miss Sinclair knows her own sex as very few men can know it; the remarkable thing is that she also knows the other. The life-likeness of her male characterization has been a feature of all her novels, even the earliest. Her men are not portraits, they are creations. Can the same thing ever be said for a young man's women?

Ranny's standard of "decent" behavior lays it down that a man who cannot afford to marry for years and years has no right to try to nail a girl down and condemn her to the weariness of waiting. This Winny divines, and with a scrupulousness no less fine refrains from showing even the faintest trace of a coming-on disposition, which could make self-abnegation harder for him. But her friend, Violet, has no such scruples, and when her wiles have got her what she wanted finds that as a matter-of-fact she has got more than she wanted, for Ranny is determined to do the "decent" thing and whirls her into an immediate marriage before any ill can befall. The result is one of those tragedies in humble life which every suburb could show, a tragedy of domestic discomfort, discontent, unwilling child-bearing, child neglect and worse, ending in unfaithfulness and degradation. To crown all, when Ranny is at length in a position to purchase freedom and Winny, there is the return of the faithless, faded, depraved, common woman, who had been the ruin of his life. So that Ranny and Winny must just go on as they are, she the faithful, devoted friend, he the apostle of "decent" behavior. It is all very skilfully and delicately done, touching sometimes the deeper springs of emotion, as in the passion of frustrated maternal love poured out by Winny upon Ranny's neglected children, sometimes perhaps a little over-insistent upon detail in itself significant but apt to lose its significance by repetition. Miss Sinclair must beware of a fault which is growing upon her of duplicating her effects, giving the same idea in more than one form and adding strokes that do not make the picture clearer. And beautiful as is the theme of maternal love, whether satisfied or frustrated, one cannot help feeling sometimes that it has had more than its share lately of the novelists' attention.

One more novel may be noticed by way of contrast. Mr. Charles Marriott has graduated in the school of Meredith,

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perhaps even of Henry James, rather than in that of H. G. Wells. He believes in very delicate analysis, minute touches, which produce no immediate effect but little by little and almost insensibly advance our knowledge of the characters portrayed. The only point which *The Catfish* has in common with the work of Mr. Wells's disciples is that it too traces its hero from infancy to manhood. George Tracy at four years old is taken by his parents to live at Bourneside, a country estate a few miles out of Barstow (otherwise Bristol). His earliest clear recollection is of his arrival there on a wet and stormy evening, with the sound of rushing water in his ears and after a narrow escape from driving into the river. He grows up an imaginative, remarkable child, highly sensitive to his surroundings, making friends with the waterfall, afraid of the trees in the Grove, never confiding his fancies to any one, so timid of advances to intimacy that he shrinks from ever making any real response to the mother love, which he yet knows to be his greatest treasure. All this early part of the book is beautifully written. The child is wonderfully realized, and the few outstanding incidents such as his sudden outburst of temper and self-protective rudeness, when he feels himself instinctively understood by a little girl, Mary Festing, or his bragging about his prowess in fishing and cricket, the things he does not really care about to hide his really deep concern for the delicate, beautiful flowers he says goodnight to, or his fear of blushing and his desperate efforts to avoid his mother's understanding eyes in church when the deep organ notes appeal to him and the colors stream through stained glass windows. Very finely drawn too is his relation to the father whom he secretly adores, the quiet retired banker with a passion for the land and an almost romantic sense of the duties which it lays upon the manhood of the nation. He has had himself no scholar's education, but he has such a reverence for the people who can talk, the "skirmishers in front," that he wants George to be a scholar and a barrister and sends him to a public school, where his abilities raise great hopes, but where he fails to find himself and only discovers what he does not want. He does not want to be an artist like his boy friend, Miles Darragh, and he does not want to win a scholarship at the university. Finally he asks his father to let him enter the Bank and is sent to its London branch.

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Thenceforward his history is less convincing. He does his work well, but finance is not his goal. He makes friends, especially with a gay, clever, worldly woman, at whose house he again meets Mary Festing. She disconcerts and attracts him equally, he feels her uncomfortably intimate, yet he wants to be with her. She represents that inner core of him, which he is always trying to forget, the self which is one with the flowers and hears the waters of Bourneside calling. He struggles to hold aloof, he is helped by a recall to Bourneside and Barstow on the death of his mother, and still more by a short, passionate episode with a Mrs. Lorimer, a married woman of strong sensual instincts, depraved, though he is long in suspecting it, by secret indulgence in drinking. Sudden disillusionment of course follows the shock of discovery, and he resumes a friendship with Mary Festing, which he persuades himself by contrasting it with his recent experience has no element of passion in it, though it continues to make him uncomfortable. Mary, in fact is the catfish of the title, the queer creature known as the "demon of the deep" because it keeps the other fishes lively. But he never knows what is behind her cool, inscrutable eyes, and what caused her one sudden action almost of self-betrayal until long afterward, when he is happily married to Lesbia, the golden, sympathetic, fecund woman—"Aphrodite Pandemos, mother and lover of men" —whom he falls in love with at first sight and marries in three weeks, and who makes him a perfect wife, just because she fills every need of his nature but one, and because she understands, as he has never understood, that to that one little locked cupboard inside him, it is Mary who holds the key. Mary has in the mean time married Darragh, and it is only when all four are perfectly happy that she lets George know why she had waited. There is no subsequent history, for on the next day Mary is drowned saving George's child from the waters of the Bourne, and he knows that at last he understands what those waters have been trying to tell him.

This soul story of the characters is Mr. Marriott's proper sphere. It is there that he is at home and can make full play with the delicate elusive method, which he had already used to such advantage in *The Dewpond, The Intruding Angel,* and the earlier *Mrs. Alemere's Elopement* to select the best of the nine or ten volumes which stand to his credit. What is rather puzzling is his choice of the *milieu,* in which

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George is destined to find his proper sphere. It is nothing more nor less than the modern shop, a glorified shop of course, a shop in which a wistful public is given the best of everything, answering to its true subconscious want, but still a big, retail, successful modern business. I have no wish to quarrel with the shop ideal as such, but somehow it comes as an anti-climax. I confess I was not prepared for it, and I felt that either I had been stupid and must go back over the threads of Mr. Marriott's weaving to discern the true figure in the carpet, to use a metaphor which Mr. Henry James once made into an admirable short story, or else that the author really did begin with one intention and ended with another. At first George appeared to be on the high road to be an artist, or a writer; then he was going to be a man of affairs; and though I quite recognize the romantic aspects of modern business, I cannot help still asking myself, "Why that shop?" But if the author wills to have it so, it is his affair and not mine, and I am no less grateful to him for the delicate delineation of his contrasted characters. They are alive, every one of them, even the smallest, and as long as a novelist can make his creatures live, who cares what views he may hold upon politics and sociology? But I wonder whether after all even Mr. Marriott has quite escaped that all-pervading influence of Mr. H. G. Wells?

Mrs. W. L. Courtney.

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THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

BY EDITH WYATT

If one were asked to name offhand the story-book hero most widely known among English-speaking people, one would undoubtedly choose at a guess the vivid figure of Robinson Crusoe.

His fame scarcely differs from that of a celebrity not fictional at all, but historical. Many persons who have never glanced at the book describing his adventures understand quite as concretely and definitely as they understand that George Washington spent a winter at Valley Forge, that Robinson Crusoe owned a gun, a parrot, and a dog; that he was cast upon a desert island; and that he found there a strange footprint in the sand.

Who conceived an image of such enduring charm? Who created Crusoe? For long I had vaguely supposed that the life of Daniel De Foe, the author of our most celebrated fictive hero, was a subject like that of the Wars of the Roses, or all the shipping insurance news in small print on the back page of the newspapers—one of those very well-known and complicated topics which always appear to be made simply for other people to know about. When an accidental circumstance I will describe presently inspired me to face the chilling fog of special information I feared, and to hunt up De Foe's name, in the library, it was a surprise to find that the tale of De Foe's life, after all, apparently required no wide, allied, historical reading for its comprehension, but had been, it would seem, composed by fate for the understanding of any layman.[1]

De Foe was the son of a family of Dissenters: his father,

[1] Mr. Walter Wilson's, thick, old-fashioned biography, Mr. George Saintsbury's monograph, and his various delightful prefaces for Aitken's edition of the novels of De Foe, a sketch of Mrs. Oliphant's, the pages of Greene's *Puritan England,* the appreciations by Sir Walter Scott and Charles Lamb, and De Foe's own personal references in various pamphlets of his, are the chief sources of the account gathered here.

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a butcher, at Cripplegate in London. Daniel was a little child of about four, when the city was overwhelmed with the horror of the Great Plague of 1665; and the pestilence pouring through London, one of the most Titanic catastrophes of history was killing people in the streets, literally by myriads—ten thousand, in a week, four thousand, in one terrific night.

It was under these circumstances that the De Foes left London, in the reign of Charles II, at the very time when Pepys was being importuned by his wife to buy her a pearl necklace, and when he says of the government of the Merry Monarch: "At court, there being so much emulation, and the vices of drinking . . . and loose amours that I know not what will be the end of it but confusion: and the clergy so high that all people I meet with do protest against their practice."

The bigotry and partisanship of these Episcopal and Tory churchmen of the ruling powers against the Dissenters were becoming so extreme, that only a few years later it was not safe for a Dissenting or as we should say a Presbyterian minister to be seen in the streets of London: and their religious meetings were held at night, like conspiracies. While De Foe was still a boy, the great Test Act was passed by the Houses of Parliament. This excluded from all civil offices, that is to say from all governmental honors, and all positions of any considerable standing or power, those who would not become communicants of the Church of England. So that, in sending De Foe to be educated at a Dissenting Academy, his family destined him to a career of social adventure.

Apparently, from Mr. Morton's Dissenting Academy, the boy entered into trade at eighteen as a commission agent for a hosiery house in Cornhill. He seems to have published at about this time a rather dull pamphlet on the gowns of the clergy.[1] From his range, volume, and genius De Foe was to become the most brilliant and influential pamphleteer England, or perhaps the world has ever known. Of his one hundred and ninety productions in this kind, however, he wrote nothing of value, until he was thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, and the seven pamphlets he composed before then may be left unnoticed.

[1] There is some, but very little doubt, as to whether this pamphlet may be certainly attributed to De Foe.

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In the mean time, when De Foe was about twenty-five, Charles II died, surrounded on his death-bed by all his unmarried wives and mistresses, and all his natural children but one, his eldest son, the Duke of Monmouth. A few days after the Roman Catholic, James II, came to the throne, the Protestant Monmouth, landed at Lyme to support his right of succession: and here De Foe, in company with great numbers of other Nonconformists and Dissenting tradesmen from the clothier towns hastened to his standard.

Monmouth's popularity rose. Garlands were hung on the doors where he passed. "At Taunton a troop of young girls presented him with a flag and a Bible." His army received constant accession. But it was too untried to withstand the great force of James's followers which faced it at Sedgemoor. De Foe and his companions were now to see King James's victory, and the beheading of their own leader followed by a bigoted persecution hard and senseless enough to outrage even the ruthless Marlborough who was forced to execute it.

Over a thousand Dissenters were scourged and imprisoned. Women were whipped from town to town. Eight hundred Nonconformists were sold into slavery across the sea. Judge Jeffreys passing through the country in the famous "bloody circuit" condemned and hung three hundred and fifty Englishmen. Three of these men had been De Foe's classmates at Mr. Morton's Dissenting Academy. De Foe himself chanced to be released on the singular ground that he was not a resident of the west of England, but had come there from London.

Through the miseries and persecutions of the six years' reign of James II, De Foe was chiefly occupied by his mercantile trade. He became an important figure in the market at Cornhill and owner or part owner of the hosiery house. At the time when Parliament voted the expulsion of James he had been married some time, though we know little of his marriage, except that he had several children, of whom he wrote afterward that he loved them past his power to express.

At the time of the coronation of William and Mary, he rode with an escort of the richest tradesmen of London.

However, his affairs must even then have begun to go wrong, for in 1692 he failed for what was then the very large mercantile investment of £17,000. He made a com-

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position with his creditors, gave what he could on his debts, and afterward is said to have paid every cent of his obligation.

It was at this time of his fallen fortunes that he wrote, though he did not publish till two years afterward, *The Essay on Projects* of which Benjamin Franklin said that its opinions had influenced the chief events of his life.

The essay outlines for the better guidance of the affairs of the country a number of policies of such foresight that nearly all of them have since come to form a part of the customs of England—a scheme for a National Bank, for Road Improvements, for a bankruptcy Commission, Aid and Benefit societies, for raising Internal Revenue, and for an institution for the education of women.

But the chief interest of the *Essay on Projects* is its exhibition of De Foe's constant clear curiosity about the management of life and what Samuel Butler calls the Ways and Farings of Men. To be forming a plan—and an admirable plan for establishing a bank for his country at a moment when he chanced to be £17,000 in debt—here was a spirit of no common strength.

The *Essay on Projects* was, even before its publication, the source of a change in De Foe's prospects. An acquaintance brought to the attention of William III, De Foe's internal-revenue scheme. This was in part adopted, and in the furtherance of the plan De Foe was made the government accountant for the tax on the glass industry. Partly through the prestige his occupation gave him, he formed a company for manufacturing the tiles the country had heretofore imported from Holland, and became the manager of this company which was established on the Thames at Tooting. Here he lived in good style and kept a coach and a pleasure-boat.

When it is said that among the nine or ten pamphlets issued by De Foe within the next few years, one was a commentary on the government's protection of vice among persons with means—what we should call police protection—and one an attack on the bribery, stock-jobbing, and corruption prevailing in the disposal of seats in Parliament, it will be seen that exposure by means of special articles published in an inexpensive form is by no means a recent invention.

One of these stock-jobbing Parliaments, in 1701, refused

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to consider King William's request for subsidies for that continental campaign against the horrors of the Inquisition, which was certainly then what no military campaign can be now, a part of the liberation war of humanity. One thousand freeholders and electors of Kent sent to the House of Commons, through five representatives, a signed petition asking the House to hear and pass upon the measure. The five Kentish petitioners' request was denied by the House: their petition voted scandalous, insolent, and seditious, and they were cast into prison. Eight days later, as Robert Harley the Speaker was entering the House of Commons, De Foe, guarded by sixteen gentlemen, handed him a letter headed with this note: "Mr. Speaker: The enclosed memorial you are charged with in behalf of many thousands of the good people of England. . . . You are commanded by 200,000 Englishmen to deliver it to the House of Commons."

The inclosure was De Foe's famous Legion Letter. It demanded the release of the petitioners and the hearing of their petition; and stated the grievances of the nation at the hands of the present Parliament, and the legal rights of the electors to control their representatives.

It concludes eloquently:

"Thus, gentlemen, you have your duty laid before you, which 'tis hoped you will think of; but if you continue to neglect it, you may expect to be treated according to the resentment of an injured nation. For Englishmen are no more to be slaves to parliaments than to kings.

"Our name is Legion and we are many.

"Postscript. If you require to have this Memorial signed with our Names, it shall be done on your first order, and personally presented."

Wilson says:

"The Paper struck such a terror into the party in the house that from this time there was not a word ever spoken of proceeding against the Kentish Petitioners, and the members of that party began to drop off and to get into the country."

When Parliament adjourned a few weeks later, the Kentish gentlemen were released; and the succeeding Parliament considered and indorsed the grant of subsidies for the King.

De Foe's yeoman service to his party in all this, brought him back much of the favor he had lost by a pamphlet on the Test Act written two years before—a pamphlet now destined to have in connection with his next considerable piece of public work a very strange effect upon his future history.

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Since the time when Dissenters had been excluded from all government offices unless they took the Sacrament of the Episcopal Church, or were fined for breaking the law, many had evaded the stringency of the act by assuming government office, and fulfilling the provisions of the ordinance by an occasional attendance at Episcopal churches for receiving Communion. This practice was called Occasional Conformity. As the good feeling between Episcopalians and Dissenters increased in William's reign, Occasional Conformity became more frequent, and Dissenters more and more pharisaical and complacent in their assent to a rite in which they had no faith. De Foe who seems, in holding his own office, always to have stoutly paid his fine, and never to have asserted a belief not his, criticized adversely his party's and sect's increasing custom in an essay which roused wide indignation throughout England.

Four years afterward, when King William died, and his sister-in-law Anne, a strong though not a bigoted Episcopalian came to the throne, her coronation roused the Tory party and the Established Church to introduce in Parliament a bill excluding Dissenters from all participation in the government of England upon any terms. It was called the bill against Occasional Conformity; and, naturally, caused a party struggle of the fiercest virulence.

At this moment De Foe struck the bill a body blow by a highly original device. This was an anonymous pamphlet, purporting to be written by an Episcopalian: and is an ironical though well-merited statement of the High Church position. It is called "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters."

> "Shall any law be given to such wild creatures (as these Dissenters)? Some beasts are for sport, and the huntsmen give them the advantages of ground: but some are knocked on the head by all possible means of violence and surprise. . . . If one severe law were made and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a Conventicle should be banished the Nation, and the preacher hanged we should soon see an end of the tale."

As De Foe afterward tells us: "The case the book pointed at was to speak the first person of the party and then thereby not only speak their language but acknowledge it to be theirs: which they did so openly that confounded all their attempts afterward to deny it, and to call it a scandal thrown upon them by another."

This is exactly what happened. The High Church party applauded with delight and entire gravity the arguments

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and plans of "The Shortest Way." One of the Tory leaders wrote: "Next to the Holy Bible and the Sacred Comments I take it for the most valuable piece I have." The more moderate of the High Church party were, however, so shocked at the unfairness of spirit on their own side the pamphlet had revealed and proven, that they would not push the Bill against Occasional Conformity. It was defeated in the House of Lords.

The world is very literal-minded. Not only the Tories, but the Dissenters misunderstood "The Shortest Way." They were raising a great hue and cry against the anonymous Episcopalian author, when it became known that he was a Dissenter, that he was Daniel De Foe. At this both parties turned the more furiously against him. De Foe was proclaimed an enemy of the State who had stirred up sedition. A reward of £50 was offered for his arrest.

The government proclamation and advertisement gives us the clearest description we have of his appearance, that of "a middle-aged, spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark-brown colored hair (but wears a wig), a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth."

Upon his arrest he received an unfair trial with treacherous counsel. He was sentenced to pay 200 marks to the Queen, to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure. The moderate Harley was out of power. William Penn appeared before the House of Commons to plead in vain for a commutation of this mean and brutal sentence.

De Foe was pilloried on July 29th in 1703 at Temple Bar: during the next day at Cheapside, near the place where he had once ridden so proudly with the escort of William and Mary: and through the 31st at Cornhill, where he had once been an owner of one of the richest textile houses in the trade of London. On each occasion, admiring and cheering crowds guarded him to and from his punishment as though it had been a position of state. They hung the pillory with garlands: and placed tables in the streets, where they sat drinking his health and singing the satirical "Hymn to the Pillory" which De Foe had composed in Newgate: and was now cried and sold from the sidewalks of Cheapside, Cornhill, and Temple Bar.

Inspiring is defiance in the face of squalid adversities.

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Undoubtedly it was the sheer pluck of De Foe's character that stirred popular enthusiasm. Probably only a very few persons in the cheering throngs understood that De Foe was pilloried because while he had ridiculed the Dissenters for their conformity when this had been a mere demoralizing hypocrisy among them, he now opposed the Episcopalian's effort against this same conformity of the Dissenters, because the Episcopalians' effort was the expression of a hateful bigotry and tyranny.

De Foe remained in Newgate for two years. In this space of time, on account of his absence from his tile-factory he became again a ruined man. His family fell into poverty. He occupied his hours in prison by an unlucrative but absorbing undertaking. From the walls of Newgate he sent out by his devoted printer, at first once a week, and then three times a week, a periodical called *The Review*. This sheet presented at regular intervals for the first time in the print of our language public and domestic topics of general interest. It is impossible to say whether one feels more glory or more shame for journalism in the fact that our first newspaper was written and edited by a man imprisoned in the interest of a just testimony to truth.

In the following year, Harley again came into power in Parliament: and at once released De Foe, and found government employment for him as an agent in the negotiation of the Union with Scotland.

Now for more than ten years De Foe was engaged in serving the government in this capacity, in publishing his *Review* and in pamphleteering. In a fairly short time after his release he had again repaired his fallen fortunes.

But it must not be thought his prosperity was peaceful. This, a writer of De Foe's temper of mind, a follower of truth irrespective of party, and a discusser on these terms of the affairs and politics of his time, could hardly have expected or perhaps desired in a world whose standard of honor was even more than to-day simply a standard of continuous and undiscriminating partisanship.

Says Windsor:

"Though a Protestant, when the bill for preventing the growth of Popery in Ireland had been forced upon the Queen, De Foe took part with the Roman Catholics against the bigotry of Protestantism. Though a friend of Godolphin he was always regarded with esteem by Harley. Though a friend of Harley he refused to support him on the subject of Peace."

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This is no road to popularity. De Foe had bitter enemies in all the political camps. At the time of Anne's death, De Foe was so surrounded by controversial and slanderous attacks—one of these last made by no less a person than Alexander Pope—that on his retirement from office in 1715, he published a pamphlet entitled "An Appeal to Honour and Justice," explaining his public stand on all the policies and sects he had defended and those he had opposed.

We have said that he retired from his open connection with the government, on Queen Anne's death. But not long afterward he began and continued for many years a secret service of the most singular character for the Crown. The successive ministers of George I privately paid him for contributing to and partly owning, first one Jacobite newspaper, and later as many as three of these Tory journals, on a secret understanding of his with the administration that he would as he says "take the sting out of them."

Much controversy has surrounded the ethics of this piece of conduct on De Foe's part. Controversy and disapproval may rage as they will. In his letters on the subject De Foe clearly prides himself on his masquerade among "the enraged High Tories." There can be no doubt that he loved to lead national parties by the nose. He did not in the least object to being the center of brilliant and novel political schemes, and was clearly all his life long the kind of man—so often darkly disapproved by persons of more native obscurity—who "does not mind attracting attention." This trait easily accounts for the peculiar irascibility and somewhat self-righteous air of slight displayed against him by many of his contemporaries.

De Foe was now in his sixtieth year; and while in the thick of his Jacobite journal scheme, he wrote and published anonymously his first work of fiction—*Robinson Crusoe*. At the age of sixty he set forth on the pioneer work of a great English novelist—literally the first English novelist. For the next eleven years he exercised in fresh fields his ruling passion for original design.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, the Journal of the Plague Year, the Memoirs of a Cavalier, History of Colonel Jack, the Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders, Roxana or the Fortunate Mistress, all these following narratives of the next decade are unique and creative compositions executed with first-hand force and conviction.

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Impossible in this brief account of the work of De Foe to describe his other tales of lesser merit, or the many pamphlets, books of travel, and writings in other forms also produced in this period of his life.

Every one knows *Robinson Crusoe*—the footprint—the death of the goat—the making of the umbrella and the table and the chair—the inimitable conversations with Friday—and the return with the rescued captain and his crew, among them a man who chanced also to be named Robinson. (It may be parenthetically remarked that this last touch alone would reveal a born master in methods of realizing a scene to his readers in all the bright mosaic of the curious colors of life.)

Every one knows *Crusoe*. Less familiar is the *Journal of the Plague Year*—a history of the Plague purporting to have been written by a citizen living in London during the pestilence. No one who reads it will, I think, question De Foe's editorial power of synthetic statement, of choosing well the various materials, voices, journals, letters, and official documents that make the truth of a great actual story really live in the public mind.

The dread of contagion—the horror of the frequent tolling bells and dead-carts—the silent streets—the lines of the doorways of the afflicted houses guarded by sentinels, and marked with a tall red cross—the presence of pain and mortality—and then the rising breath of relief, the lessened fatality of the disease, the lessening numbers of the sick—the returning of the citizens who had fled the stricken city—and at last again the merciful flow and hurry of London's full normal activity. All these are experiences the reader lives in the *Journal of the Plague Year:* and here De Foe shows at its height his genius for writing like Legion.

Like the writing of Legion too is the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*. Battle after battle, siege after siege—Magdeburg, Leipsic, Augsburg, Naseby, and Marston Moor—armies marching and counter-marching, camp and slaughter and rapine—you sit and watch all this passing before you with the full consciousness of the presence and movement of multitudes.

In *Moll Flanders, Colonel Jack,* and *Roxana,* as in this war-chronicle, and in the *Journal of the Plague Year,* De Foe is a guide through the wilds of civilization. No swamp of misery is too miasmatic or tangled for him to push

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through. He will walk among the worst jungles of the wretchedness, cruelty, and brutishness of men. Some one has said that many of the novels of Zola are indecent but moral: and the same discrimination may be truthfully repeated of these three tales of De Foe's. It would I think betray a shallow lack of human sympathy and imagination on De Foe's part, if he had told these stories to the reader without conveying any sense of shock. It is right that they should be as shocking as they are.

The Life of Moll Flanders[1] is the autobiography of a thief, of a middle-class woman a parish-charge and a waif, educated to be a servant, wronged by one master, married by another who dies, and then by a husband who deserts her. In her poverty she falls among pickpockets and evil and vicious companions. She is condemned to the gallows for attempting to steal two pieces of flowered silk. Through the efforts of a clergyman her sentence is commuted, she is transported to the American colonies, and here contrives to work out her salvation on land of her own with her deserting and returned husband.

Colonel Jack is the autobiography of a thief who reforms rather early in life—at the age of twenty-six—becomes a planter, then a half-hearted Jacobite and adventurer—and at last goes back again to the soil and an evangelical repentance.

The beautiful Roxana is the most considerable creature portrayed in any of De Foe's vivid narratives of vicious lives. After Roxana with her five children is deserted by her husband, a conceited brewer, she abandons the children to various hard fates with his relatives, and becomes the mistress of a jeweler who dies, leaving her a large fortune. The account of her days is first that of a triumphant progress attended by royal lovers and patrons through vice till she wearies of it; and then, in the guise of a Quaker widow, through respectability to a marriage with a rich and noble merchant. When he learns her past, he can forgive everything but her meanness to the children. This estranges him completely. He goes away from her, settling on her the merest provision for the necessities of life. After his death, she rashly ventures this in unwise speculation; loses it all;

[1] Within the last decade M. Marcel Schwob's translation of the *Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders* has been one of the most successful books of the day in France.

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and is thrown for debt into the debtor's prison where she dies.

Undoubtedly in all these epic stories of human warfare, success, and defeat there are passages both dull and crass—moments when one feels that the author's habit of constant mental reference to the Nonconformist faith limits the free truth of his chronicle. Nevertheless here are epic stories of mortal struggle, moving and vital world-stories unafraid to show all the colors of truth.

In the composition of these great novels De Foe seems at the last, like the Japanese artist of Mr. La Farge's anecdotes to walk into his own painting and disappear. We have little record of the end of his days. He died of a lethargy, away from home. From a sad letter of his to a son-in-law, he appears to have been in poverty from giving up all his estate in trust for himself and his daughters to a son who deceived him. He mentions his religion, however, in this letter, with courage and hope: and it is impossible to conceive De Foe in any circumstances where he would not have found a considerable mental consolation.

One afternoon before I had ever read anything of De Foe's but *Robinson Crusoe,* I chanced to see quoted in a book some one had left lying open on a library table these words of his:

"He that hath truth on his side is a fool as well as a coward if he is afraid to own it because of the multitude of other men's opinions. 'Tis hard for a man to say all the world is mistaken but himself. But if it be so who can help it?"

What makes style? It was as though the voice of Daniel De Foe spoke from the book, as actually as the voice of my friend who now came in ready for walking. And when this chance word led me to read De Foe and his biography, these were the story of a man who would have thought himself a fool not to own the truth he knew.

He could own it by following the cause of the Duke of Monmouth through Sedgemoor and the Bloody Circuit: and in the *Essay on Projects:* and in the defiance of Parliament in the Legion Letter: he could own it by being pilloried for justice to Dissenters and Churchmen alike: and by masquerading as a Jacobite to mitigate the excesses of the Tory press: and by telling in many forms of fiction that true story

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which was after all the history of his own life and will be the history of ours—the story of the soul of man in the midst of an unknown wilderness.

When Friday cuts his father's bonds, and Moll Flanders sleeps on the deck-planks of the transport, you breathe with them the wide air of the stories of peoples. You traverse the globe. You are a part of the march of events; of the state of civilization and of the responsible world of men.

Besides this fine pleasure, you feel with Crusoe and Colonel Jack and with Roxana too a quick pride in the human faculty of moving toward the light. This peculiar tone of bright and merciful curiosity and clear-thinking ingenuity throughout De Foe's work is indescribably beautiful and imparts a crystal splendor to all his life's labors. With a deep realization of the struggles, baseness, and injustice of the world, you turn away at last from the spectacle of his brave existence of ups and downs, and from the multitudinous universe his writings present as you turn away from mountain forests in the morning light—refreshed with new wonder and courage.

EDITH WYATT.

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A PIONEER OF AVIATION

BY NORMAN DOUGLAS

It was an odd coincidence.

I had arrived in Naples, and was anxious to have news of the proceedings of a certain aviation meeting in the North at which a rather inexperienced friend of mine had insisted upon taking a part: the newspaper reports of daily accidents at these entertainments are enough to disquiet anybody. While admiring the prodigious achievements of modern science in this direction, I wished devoutly at that particular moment that flying had never been invented; and it was something of a coincidence, I say, that stumbling in this frame of mind down one of the unspeakable little side streets in the neighborhood of the University, my glance should have fallen upon an eighteenth-century engraving in a bookseller's window which depicted a man raised above the ground without any visible means of support—flying, in short. He was a monk, floating before an altar; a companion, near at hand, was portrayed as gazing in rapturous wonder at this feat of levitation. I stepped within and demanded the volume to which this was the frontispiece.

The salesman, a hungry-looking old fellow with incredibly dirty hands and face, began to explain:

"The Flying Monk, sir; Joseph of Copertino. A mighty saint and conjurer! Or perhaps you would like some other book? I have many, many lives of *santi* here. Look at this one of the great Egidio, for instance. I can tell you all about him, for he raised my mother's grand-uncle from the dead; yes, out of the grave, as one may say. You'll find out all about it in this book; and it's only one of his thousand miracles. And here is the biography of the renowned Giangiuseppe, a mighty saint and—"

I was paying little heed; the "flying monk" had fasci-

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nated me. An unsuspected pioneer of aviation . . . here was a discovery!

"He flew?" I queried, my mind reverting to the much-vaunted triumphs of modern science.

"Why not? The only reason why people don't fly like that nowadays is because—well, sir, because they can't. They fly with machines, and think it something quite new and wonderful. And yet it's as old as the hills! There was Iscariot, for example—Icarus, I mean—"

"Pure legend, my good man."

"Everything becomes legend, if the gentleman will have the goodness to wait. And here is the biography of—"

"How much for Joseph of Copertino?" Cost what it may, I said to myself, that volume must be mine.

He took it up and began to turn over the pages lovingly, as though handling some priceless Book of Hours.

"A fine engraving," he observed, *sotto voce*. "And this is the best of many biographies of the flying monk. It is by Rossi, the Minister-General of the Franciscan Order to which our monk belonged; the official biography, it might be called—dedicated, by permission, to his Holiness Pope Clement XIII., and based on the documents which led to the Saint's beatification; altogether a most remarkable volume. . . ."

And he broke off, in eloquent aposiopesis. Then continued:

"I possess a cheaper biography of him, also with a frontispiece, by Montanari, which has the questionable advantage of being printed as recently as 1853. And here is yet another one, by Antonio Basile—oh, he has been much written about: a most celebrated *taumaturga* (conjurer)! As to this *Life* of 1767, I could not, with a good conscience, appraise it at less than five francs."

"I respect your feelings. But—five francs! I have certain scruples of my own, you know, and it irks my sense of rectitude to pay five francs for the flying monk unless you can supply me with six or seven additional books to be included in that sum. Twelve *soldi* (sous) apiece—that strikes me as the proper price of such literature; for foreigners, at least. Therefore I'll have the great Egidio as well, and Montanari's life of the flying monk, and that other one by Basile, and Giangiuseppe, and—"

"By all means! Pray take your choice."

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And so it came about that, relieved of a tenuous but very sticky five-franc note, and loaded down with three biographies of the flying monk, one of Egidio, two of Giangiuseppe—I had been hopelessly swindled, but there! no man can bargain in a hurry, and my eagerness to learn something of the life of this early airman had made me oblivious of the natural values of things—and with sundry smaller volumes of similar import bulging out of my pockets, I turned in the direction of my hotel, promising myself some interesting if not exactly light reading.

But hardly had I proceeded twenty paces before the shopkeeper came running after me, with another formidable bundle under his arm. More books! An ominous symptom—the clearest demonstration of my defeat; I was a marked man, a "good" customer already; it was humiliating, after my long years' experience of the South.

And there resounded an unmistakable note of triumph in his voice as he said:

"Some more saintly biographies, sir. Read them at your leisure, and pay me what you like. You cannot help being generous: I see it in your face."

"I always try to encourage polite learning, if that is what you think to decipher in my features. But it rains *santi* this morning," I added, rather sourly.

"The gentleman is pleased to joke! May it rain *soldi* to-morrow."

"A little shower, possibly. But not a cloudburst like to-day. . . ."

Now as to the flying monk, there is no doubt whatever that he deserved his name.

He flew. Being a monk, these feats of his were naturally confined to convents and their immediate surroundings, but that does not alter the facts of the case.

Of the flights that he took in the little town of Copertino alone, more than seventy, says Father Rossi, whom I follow throughout, are on record in the depositions which were taken on oath from eye-witnesses after his death. This is one of them, for example:

"Stupendous likewise was the *ratto* (flight or rapture) which he exhibited on a night of Holy Thursday. . . . He suddenly flew toward the altar in a straight line, leaving untouched all the ornaments of that structure; and after

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some time, being called back by his superior, returned flying to the spot whence he had set out."

And another:

"He flew similarly upon an olive-tree, . . . and there remained in kneeling posture for the space of half an hour. A marvelous thing it was to see the branch which sustained him swaying lightly, as though a bird had alighted upon it."

But Copertino is a remote little place in South Italy, and it may be urged that a kind of enthusiasm for their distinguished brother monk may have tempted the inmates of his convent to exaggerate his rare gifts. Nothing of the kind. He performed flights not only in Copertino, but in various large towns of Italy, such as Naples, Rome, and Assisi. And the spectators were by no means an assemblage of ignorant personages, but men whose rank and credibility would have weight in any section of society.

"While the Lord High Admiral of Castile, Ambassador of Spain at the Vatican, was passing through Assisi in the year 1645, the custodian of the convent commanded Joseph to descend from the room into the church, where the Admiral's lady was waiting for him, desirous of seeing him and speaking to him; to whom Joseph replied: 'I will obey, but I do not know whether I shall be able to speak to her.' And, as a matter of fact, hardly had he entered the church and raised his eyes to a statue . . . situated above the altar, when he threw himself into a flight in order to embrace its feet at a distance of twelve paces, passing over the heads of all the congregation; then, after remaining there some time, he flew back over them with his usual cry, and immediately returned to his cell. The Admiral was amazed his wife fainted away; and all the onlookers became piously terrified."

A similar feat was accomplished in the presence of Pope Urban VIII., who was highly astonished, and declared that "if Joseph were to die during his pontificate, he himself would bear witness to this *successo*."

But his most remarkable flights took place at Fossombrone, where once, "detaching himself in swiftest manner from the altar with a cry like thunder, he went, like lightning, gyrating hither and thither about the chapel, and with such an impetus that he made all the cells of the dormitory tremble, so that the monks, issuing thence in consternation, cried: 'An earthquake! An earthquake!'" At Fossom-

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brone he reached what seems to be his outdoor record—two hours without descent to earth.

Sometimes, furthermore, he took a passenger, if such a term can properly be applied.

So once he was observed to run swiftly toward the confessor of his monastery, and, "seizing him by the hand, he raised him from the ground by supernatural force and with jubilant rapture drew him along, turning him round and round in a *violento ballo*." At Assisi, too, there was a gentleman, a suffering invalid, whom he "snatched by the hair, and, uttering his customary cry of 'Oh!' raised himself from the earth while he drew the other after him by his hair, carrying him in this fashion for a short while through the air, to the intensest admiration of the spectators." The patient, whose name was Chevalier Baldassarre, discovered, on touching earth again, that he had been cured by this flight of the grievous mental malady which had hitherto afflicted him.

Saint Joseph of Copertino lived during the time of the Spanish Viceroys of Naples, and his notoriety spread not only over all Italy, but to France, Germany, and Poland. Among his intimates and admirers were no less than eight Cardinals, Prince Leopold of Tuscany, the Duke of Bouillon, Isabella of Austria, Duchess of Mantua, the Infanta Maria of Savoy, and the Duke of Brunswick, who, during a visit to various Courts of Europe in 1649, purposely went to Assisi to see him, and was there converted from the Lutheran heresy by the spectacle of one of his flights. Prince Casimir, heir to the throne of Poland, was his particular friend, and kept up a correspondence with him after the death of his father and his own succession to the throne.

Toward the close of his life, the Flying Monk became so famous that his superiors were obliged to shut him up in the convent of Osimo, in close confinement, for more than six years preceding his death, in order that his aerial voyages "should not be disturbed by the concourse of the vulgar." And here he expired, in his sixty-first year, on the 18th of September, 1663. He had been suffering and infirm for some little time previous to that event, but managed to take a short flight on the very day preceding his demise.

Forthwith the evidences of his miraculous deeds were collected and submitted to the inspired examination of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome. Their conscientious-

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ness in sifting and weighing the depositions is sufficiently attested by the fact that ninety years were allowed to elapse ere Joseph of Copertino was solemnly received into the number of the Blessed—in 1753.

Not long ago, in the late spring, the train took me along the shores of the Ionian Sea into that venerable and fertile land of Japygia, the heel of Italy, which rises in heliotrope-tinted undulations toward the Adriatic watershed. I looked out of the window; old Tarentum and its milk-white palaces were glimmering in lordly fashion across the tranquil waters; a sense of immemorial culture seemed to pervade this region of russet tilth, and olives, and golden corn.

Soon we halted at a small town, in the glowing heat of morning. Here I thought to interrupt my journey and discover how much is still known of the flying monk, who spent some years of his life in a convent on the spot. A prodigy like this, I argued, cannot be wholly forgotten.

They led me to the only monastery now in actual use. In the sacristy of its church, where I was requested to wait, a slender young priest was praying rapturously; and the clock, that stood at hand, recorded the flight of twenty minutes ere his devotions were ended. Then he arose slowly, and turned upon me a pair of large and dreamy eyes, as though awakened from another world.

This was quite a new convent, he explained; it could not possibly be the one I was seeking. But there was another one near at hand, almost a ruin, and now converted into a public asylum for a flock of poor old women; he would gladly show me the way. Was I a German?

"No," I replied; "I came from Scotland."

"A Calvinist," he remarked, without bitterness.

"A Presbyterian," I gently corrected.

"To be sure, a Presbyterian. How many names?"

As we walked along the dusty streets, I set forth the object of my visit. He had never heard of the flying monk—it was astonishing, he said. The flying monk! He would look up the subject without delay. That a Protestant should come all the way from "the other end of the world" to make inquiries about a Catholic saint of whose existence he himself was unaware, seemed not so much to surprise as positively to alarm him.

At the door of the decayed convent my guide left me, with

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sundry polite expressions of esteem. I entered a spacious open courtyard; a well stood in the center of a bare middle enclosure, whereon in olden days the monks may have cultivated their fruit and vegetables; round this court there ran an arched passage, its walls adorned with frescos, now dim and faded, depicting sacred subjects. The monastery itself was a somber maze of stairways and cells and corridors—all the free spaces, including the very roof, encumbered with gleaming potteries of every size and shape, that are made somewhere near the premises.

I wandered about this sunless and cobwebby labyrinth, the old women-pensioners flitting round me like bats in the twilight. I peered into many dark closets: which of them was it—Joseph's famous blood-bespattered cell?

"He tormented his body so continuously and obstinately with pins, needles, and blades of steel, and with such effusion of blood that even now, after entire years, the walls of his cell and other places of retirement are discolored and actually incrusted with blood." Which of them was it—the chamber that witnessed these atrocious macerations? It was all so gloomy and forlorn.

Then, pushing aside a door in this shadowy underworld, I found myself suddenly bathed in dazzling light. A loggia opened here, with a view over stretches of gnarled olives, shining all silvery under the immaculate sky of noonday, and bounded by the sapphire belt of the Ionian sunshine and blue sea! Often must the monks have taken pleasure in this fair prospect; and the wiser among them, watching the laborers returning home at nightfall, the children at play, and all the happy life of a world alien to their own, may well have heaved a sigh.

Meanwhile, a crowd of citizens had assembled below, attracted by the unusual novelty of a stranger in their town. The simple creatures appeared to regard my investigations in the light of a good joke; they had heard of begging monks, and thieving monks, and monks of another variety whose characteristics nothing would induce me to set down here; but a flying monk—no, never!

"The Dark Ages," said one of them—the mayor, I dare say—with an air of grave authority. "Believe me, dear sir, the days of such fabulous monsters are over."

So they seem to be, for the present

No picture or statue records the life of this flying wonder,

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this masterpiece of Spanish priestcraft; no mural tablet—in this land of commemorative stones—has been erected to perpetuate the glory of his signal achievements; no street is called after him. It is as if he had never existed. On the contrary, by a queer irony of fate, the roadway leading past his convent bears the name of a misty heathen poet, likewise native of these favored regions, a man of whom Joseph of Copertino had assuredly never heard—Ennius, who never so much as tried to fly, but contented him with singing, in rather bad Latin, of the things of this earth.

Via Ennio. . . .

It is the swing of the pendulum. The old pagan at this moment may be nearer to our ideals and aspirations than the flying monk who died only yesterday, so to speak.

But a few years hence—who knows?

NORMAN DOUGLAS.

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THE RELATION OF DRAMA TO LITERATURE

BY DONALD CLIVE STUART

SOMETIMES in journalistic criticism one reads that a certain play has a "real literary value." The phrase causes surprise and the reader immediately wonders whether the play will succeed. He is inclined to bestow silent praise upon the manager for undertaking the dangerous attempt to present a drama of so-called literary value to the modern public; and a few weeks later, when the play is taken off, he indulges in a threnody or a philippic in regard to the decline of dramatic taste, or he may content himself with a satisfied "I told you so!"

The opinion seems to prevail that a play no longer succeeds because of its literary value, but in spite of it. If a manager suspects that a play sacrifices one iota of the action to literary or poetic beauty, he will hardly take the trouble to read it; and he doubts the success of any play which attempts to reach the audience mostly through the lines. Of course, one can assume—and many people do assume—that the modern manager is a creature endowed with the sole faculty of making money. One can indulge in futile, high-browed talk about the degeneration of the drama. One can put the blame on that precious and long-suffering scapegoat called the public—that vague, intangible mass of bad taste which the individual makes the cause of all that is wrong and of which the individual never considers himself a part. There are many ways for the modern literary Pharisee to look down upon those who believe that modern drama is a legitimate form of art. Yet in what relation does dramatic art stand to literature? In a classification of the arts ought modern drama to stand as a subhead under literature, or ought it to stand as an independent head? Ought it to be judged by literary criteria? Few

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will be so daring as to claim that modern drama as a whole belongs to that field of art designated as literature. That there may be certain exceptions to this rule does not enter into the question. We are dealing with drama as a whole, not with individual plays. Are most modern plays to be held as almost worthless for the reason that, if judged by the usual canons of literary criticism, they show little if any merit?

If such a problem is propounded, the question naturally arises as to what is meant by the terms literature and drama; and the impossibility of giving satisfactory definitions of those terms must be admitted at the outset. Yet it may be assumed that all people use the word literature in about the same sense; and if it is said that *Hamlet* has both a literary and dramatic value, while Pinero's plays lack literary value, every one will understand what is meant, although every one may not admit the truth of the statement. In regard to the definition of drama, it may also be assumed that ideas are held in common by those who know anything of dramatic art, although it may be necessary to point out that drama exists only while it is being performed. Indications of dialogue and action in written or printed words are no more a play than the architect's plans are a building. Drama in book form is only potential drama. A printed play is to drama what the score is to the opera.

There are two ways in which drama reaches the audience: by speaking to the ear and by speaking to the eye—to use a phrase borrowed from Aristotle. The result is that there are practically two kinds of drama, according to the method employed to represent the story. There is that kind which, in spite of the pleonasm, may be called the drama of action, in contradistinction to the drama of literature. By the latter is meant the drama which gets over the footlights and interests the audience by the strength and beauty of its lines. On the other hand, the drama of action, while it uses dialogue, speaks more to the eye than to the ear in its most dramatic moments and uses action and stage pictures to get the story over the footlights. Most modern drama is of this kind, and whether one approves or not, modern plays are therefore almost devoid of literary interest.

This procedure is by no means entirely a modern development. Aristotle advocated speaking to the eye, and Horace goes a step farther when he says:

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> "What we hear
> With weaker passion will affect the heart,
> Than when the faithful eye beholds the part."

Yet the very fact that Horace and Aristotle warned dramatists not to speak to the ear alone, is evidence that, from the beginning, authors of plays have been in danger of forgetting that they must be dramatists primarily—not poets or novelists. It can almost be said that there has been a conflict in drama between action and literary value, and a survey of the history of dramatic art will show sometimes the former and sometimes the latter element prevailing.

In regard to Greek drama, it is difficult to visualize a performance so as to be able to decide how much of the interest was aroused by the lines and how much by the action. The theater and the audience were enormous in comparison with those of the present day; and yet the acoustics were so marvelous that probably all the spectators could hear. The audience could easily follow the story because it was not only familiar with the plot, but also the drama was dear to the heart of the spectator, for it was a part of his religion. Yet under these ideal conditions, how many in this tremendous audience, made up of people from all walks of life, appreciated to any great extent the poetic beauty and strength of the lines, and how many were interested mostly by the mimetic portrayal of the story? How many in that audience caught the full power of the choral odes? Some of them did, no doubt. But did the majority, did the groundlings—to use an anachronism—admire them as do modern classical scholars? In other words, how far did the lines make Greek tragedy a success?

The same question might well be asked in regard to the plays of Shakespeare. If the majority of the Athenian audience caught the full poetic and literary beauty of the lines, it was beyond a doubt the most wonderful audience that ever existed; and one is repeatedly assured by Greek scholars that such was the case. Historians have also held that the Elizabethan audience was of a mental caliber superior to that of our modern audiences; but it is difficult to believe that theatrical audiences have so degenerated, although it is always the fashion for each generation to bemoan the decadence of drama.

A well-known student of Greek drama said that it took him months to read a Greek play, and complete understand-

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ing of it came only after years of study. Making all due allowance for the fact that this scholar is not an ancient Greek, his statement is strong evidence that Greek plays contained literary beauties which never reached the audience. One has no right to demand that a spectator study the lines of a play before or after the performance. The appeal must be not only direct and instantaneous, but it must contain an element of surprise. One must not know what is going to happen lest one might lose the full effect of that painful pleasure of dramatic suspense. One must not anticipate one line or action. That is incontestibly the rule of the drama of action and therein lies the power of dramatic art. When a drama is so written as to demand study in book form, one may feel reasonably sure that the spectator catches the appeal of the action and misses much of the literary value. That is probably what happened to the Athenian in the theater and there lies the weakness of such drama.

In the Middle Ages is found a pure drama of action unhampered by literary traditions. It is drama in a primitive form and hence speaks to the eyes. The plays are full of action. Stage directions occur in the earliest plays which have come down to us, and sometimes they occupy more of the page than the lines themselves. This leaves no doubt as to the importance placed upon the action. The *Miracles de Notre Dame*—the most dramatic plays of the Middle Ages—are filled with action, and their appeal must have been to the eyes more than to the ears. The outdoor theater had made that necessary. No one will deny that the mystery plays, with their careful and elaborate scenery, their shockingly real realism, were arousing interest as drama of action. Their literary value is very low even in comparison with the contemporary forms of literature; but, like the Passion Play at Oberammergau, they held the attention, not by their lines, but by the action.

It is the men of the Renaissance who begin to impose literary standards upon the drama. The French dramatists of the second half of the sixteenth century thought they were building plays according to the precepts of Horace and Aristotle; but in reality it was the pernicious, undramatic influence of Seneca which was being brought to bear on them, with the result that they produced, not living dramas, but very cold, lifeless elegies in five acts. These so-called

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dramatists had just enough influence, together with the influence of social conditions, to bring drama under the domination of literature. All action, which had been before the eyes of the spectator, is banished from the stage when the rules of classicism are accepted. The messenger takes the place of the action, and the audience is merely told what is happening. The appeal is made no longer through the eyes, but through the ears. The lines become all-important, and in spite of their charm and power one often feels —as Hugo so aptly expressed it—that the most interesting part of the play is going on behind the scenes.

As soon as this literary drama was established, the question arose as to the relative value of words and action; and perhaps the earliest statement of it was made by d'Aubignac in 1657. A seventeenth-century English translation of the passage from his *Pratique du théâtre* reads as follows:

"For there is no small difficulty to judge of the success of a play by the reading of it alone; for very often those plays which read worst are the best when they come to be represented; and on the contrary, likewise, those which seem admirable to the reader are often very defective on the stage, and the reason of this is the difference between conceiving an action as you read and seeing the same thing represented to your eyes. Things fine to say are not always so to see; and the pleasure of reading makes some things agreeable which the vehemency of action makes otherwise; as likewise some that appear weak in reading are strengthened by action."

D'Aubignac does not state the question completely; but he points out, at a remarkably early date, the fact that we have no right to judge and even cannot judge a play by reading it alone. Yet this lesson has yet to be learned by a large class of critics who still insist upon writing dramatic criticism from a literary view-point.

The English critic, Rymer, in 1693, makes a decided advance in the theory that lines are sometimes to be sacrificed to action when he says, in his *Short View of Tragedy*, in regard to Shakespeare: "Many, peradventure, of the tragical scenes in Shakespeare, cry'd up for the action, might do yet better without words. Words are a sort of heavy baggage that were better out of the way at the push of action, especially in his bombast circumstance, where the words and action are seldom akin, generally are inconsistent, at cross purposes, embarrass, or destroy each other." Asking why the famous scene between Othello and Iago

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has raised *Othello* above all other tragedies, he says that it is purely on account of the action and that such scenes as this "have made all the world run after Harlequin and Scaramuccio." In other words, such scenes have brought forth modern drama in its present form in which pantomime plays such an important part.

Returning to France, we find Voltaire advocating more action in order to try to save the moribund classical literary tragedy of the eighteenth century. He used the significant phrase "the great art of silence." He called attention to the possibility of representing certain feelings by one word, by an attitude, by a cry escaping at one's grief, by a silence. All that is very modern. Yet he never went so far as to allow the element of action to infringe upon the lines, which is by no means a modern attitude toward drama; and in protecting the literary element at the expense of the action he was trying to break down the very foundations of modern drama. He is explicit and unswerving in his view-point and even bemoans the fact that he has hastened the decadence of literary tragedy by introducing action, for, he says, "A monologue written by Racine is superior to all theatrical actions." Those who have a poetical or literary turn of mind will agree with Voltaire, but the modern dramatist will certainly not let that statement go unquestioned. For example, at the beginning of the second act of Racine's *Britannicus* Nero describes how Junie was abducted and brought to his palace at his command. A helpless woman, surrounded by brutal soldiers, she subdued the brutal emperor by her timid innocence, and with her eyes glistening with tears, in the light of the flickering torches she passed unharmed from his presence. The harmonious Alexandrine lines, such expressions as "I loved even her tears which I had caused to flow" long remain in one's memory. Yet in a modern play this poetry would have been turned into stage directions, and, instead of being described at the beginning of the second act, the scene would have been acted at the end of the first act, possibly without one word being spoken. Who will claim that the modern play would be weaker if thus constructed? Is the modern audience to be criticized because it wishes to see the action instead of hearing it described, even though that description is written by Racine?

Such questions, although they constantly recur, were an-

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swered by Diderot even in Voltaire's lifetime when he set forth the theory that dialogue and poetic or literary beauty must be sacrificed to action. Diderot believed firmly that acting is a vital part of the drama and that the success and even the merit of a play depend upon the manner in which it is put upon the stage. He carried his theory so far as " to close his ears to listen to a play "; and if the play got over the footlights to him without the aid of dialogue he put his stamp of approval on it. One can easily imagine the pleasure he would have taken in a moving-picture show. In his letter to Voltaire describing the stirring acting of Mlle. Clairon in *Tancrède,* when for the first time on the classical French stage an actress wore flowing robes, instead of a hoopskirt, and allowed her hair to become disheveled, he tells how she aroused him to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by her silent acting, and he adds, significantly: " Silence and pantomime have sometimes a pathos that all the resources of speech can never approach." He insisted upon the powerful effect of exact scenery and the artistic grouping of actors, and he pointed out that there are whole scenes in which it is infinitely more natural for characters to move than to speak.

Such a theory does not logically reduce drama to pantomime, nor does it claim that the best drama is pantomime; but it simply means that when silence is more dramatic speeches must not spoil it, although they may be as fine as Hamlet's soliloquy. If Voltaire heard such heresy, he would say once more with his smile that withers, " It is easier to put assassinations on the stage than to write fine lines." Yet it is not easy to indicate action which will vividly and powerfully tell the story. It is always the temptation of the dramatist to explain everything by lines, to talk through his characters, to let his poetic muse soar as high as possible. It takes much self-control for a dramatist to impose silence when the action demands it, or to write one sentence or one word instead of a long speech. The modern audience does not want explanation of what it sees. It prefers to draw its own conclusions and to make its own commentaries. Like one listening to music, it prefers emotion to clearly defined thought.

The Romantic drama of the early nineteenth century in France is a combination of the drama of literature and the drama of action. Victor Hugo brought the action from

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behind the scenes and placed it on the stage in full view of the audience. His dialogue was in verse because he was a poet at heart and because he did not wish to have this new kind of a play classed with the contemporary cheap prose melodrama. Yet Hugo was vigorously opposed because he insisted upon a concrete, more commonplace vocabulary in place of the abstract, poetic vocabulary of the classical drama. That the classicists' conception of poetry may have been wrong does not enter into the question. They were fighting for a principle—for literary drama against drama of action.

The play *Hernani,* about which the storm and battle raged, contains excellent examples of these two kinds of drama. In the fourth act when Don Carlos is standing before the tomb of Charlemagne he bursts forth in a poetical speech analyzing his emotions. It is a long monologue, but it is dramatic poetry far above the ordinary. The action of the play is at a standstill, and practically the whole speech could be cut without harming the action in any respect. On the other hand, the moment of intense dramatic surprise, suspense, and interest is caused, not by a speech, but by the far-away sound of a hunting-horn which brings the message that young Hernani must commit suicide at that very moment—on his wedding night. When this play is produced at the Comédie Française there is always a burst of warm applause at the end of the monologue of Don Carlos, while at the sound of the horn a movement of emotion and an indistinct murmur sweep over the whole theater. There is no doubt as to which scene is the more powerful, the more enjoyed by the audience. It is quite possible that in the latter scene Hugo might have written a wonderful passage, full of poetry and keen psychology, describing the sound of the horn and its meaning to Hernani and his bride; but Hugo was too much of a dramatist to make this mistake. While we may have lost a strong piece of literature, we have kept a powerful dramatic moment. The real lover of drama has no regrets, and even the most sophisticated will hardly call this a cheap theatrical trick.

Thus dramatists learned to depend upon the action and to speak to the eye primarily, not to the ear. It ceased to be necessary for the builders of plays to have either poetic or literary talent when it was realized that actions speak louder than words. The climax of the drama, the so-called

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" big scene " became one of true dramatic interest in which the lines play a secondary part. The " situation " was presented by action and literary interest was sacrificed. Once again the lesson has been learned that drama is inherently action.

Another force has been at work making it impossible for modern drama to enter into that category of art expressed by the nebulous term literature. It is the realistic movement in art. In a modified way all art is an exaggeration or an intensifying of contemporary reality, but drama aims to reproduce the idea of reality more faithfully than any other form of art. If one wishes to know the subject and spirit of the plays of any generation, he has only to discover what that generation considered *real* in its society and life. Thus the drama of the seventeenth century in France was distinctly poetical and literary; and with its long monologues, psychological discussions, and its over-refinement it corresponded to the social conditions and to the contemporary conception of reality. The audience was made up of people who indulged in similar poetical verbiage and long psychological discussions in the *salons*. Racine's plays, for that reason, seemed perfectly real to the audience; and because our manners and our conception of reality have changed, such drama seems distinctly unreal to us and is impossible at the present time. The early nineteenth century was imaginative, lyric, poetical. It was the age of young dreamers. Hernani, René, and Werther are unreal to our cold, practical generation. Their poetic phraseology would seem unnatural to the modern audience. It did not sound strange to the Elizabethan audience to hear a man say to the woman he loved, as he took leave of her:

> "It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
> No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east,
> Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-top."

If a modern dramatist could put such lines in a modern play the audience would hardly understand them. It is very difficult to imagine an actor giving such a speech when representing a man in a sack suit about to climb down the fire-escape of a New York flat. In an age of realism, the most real of all arts cannot contain dialogue much above the conversation of every-day life.

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It is true, however, that a drama whose scene is laid far away either in space or time may contain a more poetical and literary element. The glamour of distance allows Romeo to speak in the soft cadence of verse; but Pinero's heroes must be unpoetically real. Yet the place of poetic drama has been almost entirely usurped by modern opera. In this form of art also there is a change taking place parallel to the change of the drama of literature into the drama of action. Music is no longer allowed to interfere with the action in opera, just as words are no longer allowed to interfere with the action in drama. The aria no longer holds back the climax. A comparison of *Tristan und Isolde* with *Pélléas et Mélisande* shows in a remarkable way how the musical element is subordinated to the action in the newer opera. Indeed, the development of opera is so strikingly parallel to the development of drama that the one seems to justify the other.

In modern opera, with the possible exception of Wagner—who is no longer very modern—there are practically no passages worthy of orchestral rendition alone. If the scenery, the lines, the action, are taken away, and if left to depend on music alone, modern opera falls to the ground. So in modern drama there are few passages worth reading or worthy of being published or which will find a place in future anthologies of literature. Very often the remark is made that opera is a low form of music; and it might be said that drama is a low form of literature. Ought one to continue invidious comparisons and say that scene-painting and construction are a low form of plastic art? Much is out of proportion and must be out of proportion in order to produce the right effect. The scene-builder deliberately violates the rules of plastic art in order not to produce an absurd picture. Therefore one has no right to judge his work by the common criteria of painting and architecture. It makes no difference whether scene-painting is a high or low form of art, provided it serves its purpose. Thus it makes no difference whether opera is a high or low form of music, provided it serves its purpose of representing dramatic action with a musical accompaniment.

It is possible that we are applying the wrong standards of criticism to opera in subjecting it to purely musical standards; and in the classification of the arts it may well stand as a sub-head under drama and hence it should be

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judged by slightly modified dramatic standards. To say that opera is a low form of music is as pointless as saying that a derby hat is a low form of architectural art. It is just as pointless to say that drama is a low form of literature. A play may or may not have a literary value without affecting its value as a drama. If it has a literary value without harming the construction, the play has an added charm; but it does not follow that a play should be criticized for being without a literary element, any more than it should be criticized for being without a musical accompaniment. One has no right to pass final judgment on drama from literary standards; and in all justice modern drama cannot stand in a classification of the arts as a sub-head under literature, but must stand alone as an independent head.

It seems very obvious to say that drama should be judged by standards of dramatic criticism alone; but the trouble is that the theory is not put in practice, and future generations may criticize our drama as we criticize the drama of the past—in book form and almost entirely from a literary view-point. In this way the future critic may do gross injustice to many good plays of the present, as we do injustice to many plays of the past which are now noted merely in foot-notes of histories of literature because they are not "literature," although they contain well-handled dramatic situations. It is easy to imagine the future literary historian of dramatic art passing by the scene in Pinero's *Iris,* in which the nervous fingers of a woman dropping a check-book into a valise dramatically portray in silence her moral ruin; and we can hear the future critic quoting Chantecler's *Ode to the Sun* as a fine bit of drama when, as a matter of fact, it is lyric poetry. The literary critic, who is so modest in regard to his views on painting and music, rarely hesitates to discuss drama. In most colleges the study of the drama is included in courses on literature, conducted by men who have little taste for the theater and who solemnly expound the beauties and faults of plays they never saw acted. It is not at all strange, under such conditions, that very few even of the educated class realize that drama is an art by itself; and that instead of being a simple, obvious form of art, it is one which requires the delicate touch of many skilful, understanding hands before it can fulfil its lofty purpose.

DONALD CLIVE STUART.

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THE MAN IN THE MOON*

BY THE EDITOR

THE wise men who gaze through lenses tell us that the glorious orb of night that serves as our faithful attendant while we go whirling through space is bleak and uninhabitable, destitute of animal or vegetable life, devoid even of atmosphere and illumined by light which, being reflected, is not her own. But we know better. Were we not taught in childhood that she rules the ebb and flow of the tides, that when she waxes full and splendid is the time to plant seeds and trim the children's hair, and that when she wanes we should cut the alders and the spruce to prevent sprouting and to wither the roots? So at any rate the farmers have insisted from time immemorial and still believe; and who shall say that they, whose business it is to know, are less accurately informed than those whose sole occupation it is to take and record mere bespectacled observations? The enlightened and experienced sailors, too—have not they always changed their course or shortened sail to conform to the legends derived from the fancies of their awestruck craft? Who can prove that thousands of human lives have not been saved by religious heed of sagacious teachings ignobly termed mere superstitions?

True indeed it is that the painstaking John Heywood, in his *Proverbs* derived from the earliest colloquial sayings of the English, declared the common understanding that the moon is made of green cheese, but we never really believed that. Nor were we convinced in even our earliest years that the cow jumped over it or that every dog that bayed at it was mad. Our own veracious historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, too, contemptuously repudiated the theory of the Pauraniacs of Indiana that the so-called eclipses are at-

* Address to the Washington and Jefferson Literary Societies of the University of Virginia.

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tributable to the rude and unconscionable swallowing of the sweet regent of the night by some great dragon whom nobody has ever seen.

When quite recently the dainty Japanese maiden sang in the opera, "We're very much alike, the moon and I," the ready inference was that the learned Gilbert had discovered a lady in the otherwise placid orb; and so indeed it may be, since we never perceive her other side. But we insist upon no such imagining. We declare only what we were taught while in the cradle and what we see with our own eyes. We claim to know only the Man in the Moon whose verity is positive because apparent and whose disowning would be shameful in view of his constancy and friendliness. It may be that his eyes are craters, his mouth a cavern and his nose a mountain; we care not. His countenance is none the less expressive and alert with variation. His body quite likely went down the throat of the dragon, but his mind we know is still there, because its illumined mirror constantly confronts our vision.

Would that we could rend the veil that hides the thought behind that beaming face! From it we might derive much useful suggestion to help us on our way. For he is very wise, the Man in the Moon. He must be. Old certainly as the hills from which he is made, unwavering in his watching, owl-like in his intentness, ever calm and clearly patient, how vast must be his store of philosophy, how deep and penetrating the crux of his æons of shrewd and kindly observation! What, mayhap, does he think of us now—of us of America, free and full of life, as we are, in a land flowing with milk and honey, yet restless and discontented from our own complainings and grumbling the day and night through at one another. I saw him the other evening, in all his majesty and glory, rise into view from behind the ocean, and at first I thought he was laughing; but scrutinizing more closely, I perceived that he was only smiling, smiling with eyes as well as mouth, not as if he were in the least contemptuous or disdainful, but quietly diverted by a sense of calm amusement, not unmixed with kindly forbearance and the sweet reasonableness which we associate with gentle and placid natures. And I wondered why.

Can it be possible that the thoughtful Man in the Moon suspects that temporarily we have lost the true perspective which has ever been characteristic of our race and the basis

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of our advancement, and that, in consequence, we tend to magnify our ills while simultaneously we minimize or even ignore our blessings? Let us try to put ourselves in his place and gaze upon ourselves from afar, with vision undimmed by contiguity and unimpaired by selfish consideration. What have we lost that we once had that may be considered essential to the welfare of a nation and the happiness of a people? Our priceless heritage is the right of self-government. Our most valued attribute is the ability to exercise that authority over ourselves not merely to our own common advantage, but also as an example for all mankind. Has the title been vitiated or the capacity impaired? Seemingly not. The government at Washington still lives. But recently a complete change, involving, after many years, the restoration to power in large measure of this great section, has been effected without causing a ripple of apprehension. Surely it is a fact of mighty significance that, while centuries elapsed before Scotland could attain her former dominance in Britain, the South resumes virtual control of the United States after barely fifty years without evoking from the most rabid partisan so much as a suspicion of the patriotism or fidelity of any one of her statesmen. On the contrary, it is universally recognized that their installation signalized a revivification of the Constitution which their fathers conceived and established as the bulwark of human liberties. Freedom of worship of God and freedom of schools for succeeding generations are inviolate still. Poverty is rare. Physical suffering that could possibly be alleviated by action of the state is not observable. Never before in the history of the world has so great a nation as our nation been so signally blessed with respect to all things that subserve the happiness, the contentment, and the opportunity of its citizens. And yet it is true that for the time the business of a mighty commercial country is, in a comparative sense, at a standstill, development of natural resources has practically ceased, essential confidence among groups or classes is seriously impaired, and the very air is laden with apprehension of startling and grievous happenings.

Why? What are the bases of these strange forebodings? About what conceptions, real or imaginary, gather the clouds of distrust and anxiety? The tangible fears may be summarized briefly as follows:

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(1) Apprehension of war.
(2) Oppression of the poor by the rich.
(3) The tariff and the trusts.
(4) Common extravagance.
(5) The disestablishment of credit.
(6) Effects of popular agitation.

A notable array, surely! One, too, if founded upon reality, sufficient to give rise to solicitude. But is there anything that is new or strange to our country or to any country from the beginning of history? Take the causes of disquietude as enumerated.

(1) Apprehension of war.

Herein we find nothing unprecedented. We have had not only anticipations of wars, but wars themselves, from the day when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The Republic was born of strife and was christened in the ashes of conflict. Itself was welded together as a Nation by the most interneciary struggle the world has ever beheld. But a few years ago a once great foreign Power made itself the laughing-stock of the world by testing its decayed prowess against this Titan among nations. What ensued? Only a tightening of the bonds of unity; only a quickening and strengthening of patriotic impulse. The wheels of progress were never clogged, hardly impeded. Why, then, borrow trouble now? Is the Nation less able to withstand the impact of a blow to-day than at any time since it sprang into being? And what are the tokens of danger? Universally, war with Great Britain is regarded as impossible, with France as a negligible consideration, with Germany, a sane and practical commonwealth, as an idle fancy, with Russia as a contingency too remote even for use in fiction.

Remains Japan. At regular intervals fervid imaginations conjure up the specter of the East. But thoughtful minds inquire: What could our neighbor hope to gain from a success which, at best, could be but temporary? Prestige? Glory? These she has, if not in abundance, at least in adequacy. Additional territory or material possessions which she could not hope to retain? Then the Japanese are fools. Have they indicated as much? Rather have they not demonstrated by every word and deed a capacity of judgment, even of forbearance, such as would reflect credit upon the most sober of Anglo-Saxons? Wanton assaults are not often adventured by the less strong upon

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the obviously unconquerable unless they be insane. And Japan is not a madhouse. Nor are Japan's statesmen unaware of the fact that the chief hope of every European nation is to find an opportunity to become an ally of the United States. They know full well, though some of our own amateur alarmists may not, that Britain, of all Powers, would never open such a door to dreaded Germany by lending aid to a declared foe of America. War itself, when forced upon us, we have always been able to engage in and emerge from without discredit. Apprehension of war at a time like this, when civilization is moving steadily toward establishment of peace throughout the world, is no more than an anachronistic bugaboo. So long as the Union continues to be a union in fact as well as in name, and maintains its traditional policy of non-interference in the affairs of others, it will be immune to plagues from without. Our real perils are only those which spring from within.

(2) Oppression of the poor by the rich
(3) The tariff and the trusts.

The two, in the public mind, are intertwined, and should be. There is no direct oppression of the poor by the rich. For the first time in the progress of civilization this can be said with truth. History from the beginning of governments to the beginning of the Republic is a seamy record of tyranny of the strong, the rich, the powerful. To this day, in nearly all lands except our own, real dominance is exercised openly by a class. In Russia autocracy still rules; in Germany monarchy " bequeathed by God " still has the final word; in Italy, the nobility; in England, the aristocracy; in Spain, but yesterday, the Church; even in France, clearly a class, the Socialists, hold the balance of power. Here we find no such ascendancy. The individual is still his own master at the polls and in his home. Serfdom is no more. Personal service is not synonymous with political servitude. Ours is still the land of the free; and whatever differences exist respecting the powers of government relate to popular suffrage and the elimination of sex qualification. Neither project involves revolution. Each seeks consideration upon the ground of policy, despite the insistence, in the second instance, of inherent right. Could the Fathers have been assured of so happy a condition among ninety millions of people, can we doubt that they would have felt far more

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confident than they did feel that the foundations they were laying with such care and foresight as were within their power to exercise would prove indeed everlasting? Assuredly there is no visible breach in the wall of government of and by the people.

But we are told that a privileged class has grown up under the rose, that mere wealth wields undue influence in legislation, that the few fatten upon the many, that monopoly safe-guarded by law holds individualism in check, that excessive tariffs no longer tend to develop industries, but are become no more or less than evasive taxes, that obnoxious and detrimental Trusts thrive upon advantages thereby obtained. Undoubtedly, to a great extent, these evils did exist, but are they not now being eliminated, by decree of the people, in lawful and orderly manner, without undue confusion or complainings? Moreover, in the light of history, was it not inevitable that a period of amazing development should be dappled by such accompaniments? All great forward movements have been attended by corresponding ills. But because a child has the measles the parent does not kill the child. He seeks to eradicate the disease by the use of remedies suggested by others more experienced than himself, in whose fidelity and judgment he reposes faith. But in him, the parent, lies the authority and responsibility of discriminating between the physician and the quack.

So it is with the American people to-day. As we have seen, they still have the power. Theirs also is the responsibility. Are signs visible that they are evading it? Rather the reverse. Neither of the great political parties is fully unified in proposing remedies. One apparently is rent in twain. But in that fact lies no cause of alarm. The true significance is to the highest degree encouraging. That great problems cannot be resolved in a day, a month, or a year is a patent truth that demands recognition. But vastly more important is the certainty that, in this country, they cannot be resolved at all except through the application of the best intelligence of all the people. Hence the hopefulness in the obvious awakening of minds throughout the land; and, surely, when we consider further that independence and fairness of judgment are the offspring, if not, indeed, essential concomitants, of intelligence, we can find in this arousal no cause of misgiving; rather, springs of hope and faith in all that pertains to progress and civilization.

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(4) Common extravagance.

Profligacy caused the downfall of the Roman Empire. Prudence builded England. And we of America are of Angle, not of Latin, stock. By inheritance, then, we are provident as well as thrifty. Our ancestors surely were. To their minds waste was a crime. Frugality was a cardinal principle of their living, but not from choice; from necessity. Had they possessed the means of providing comforts for their families such as now exist, is there reason to doubt that those resources would have been utilized, and to advantage? Moreover, is it not a fact that the luxuries of one epoch become positive requirements of another? Money expended in safeguarding health and strengthening the body is not wasted. Good roads constitute investment, not dissipation. The telephone is not a worthless toy. The motor-car is more than a mere vehicle of pleasure. Both are savers of time and doers of labor. Each, too, serves a highly desirable purpose in facilitating that intercourse among individuals which tends to strengthen a community by gratifying gregarious instincts.

(5) The disestablishment of credit.

Here we find the most obvious cause of prevailing depression. The link that connects Labor with Capital is not broken, but we may not deny that it is less cohesive than it should be or than conditions warrant. Financially, the country is stronger than ever before in its history. Recovery from a panic so severe as that of six years ago was never before so prompt and comparatively complete. The masses are practically free from debt. Money is held by the banks in abundance and rates are low. And our currency is sound as gold because gold is its basis.

Why, then, does Capital pause upon the threshold of investment? The answer is plain. It awaits adjustment of the relations of government to business. That was inevitable. Economic laws are stronger than ordinary statutes and are affected little by executive mandate. Adjustment of the complicated relationship of manufacturing industries to reduced tariff duties cannot be made in a week or, sometimes, in a year. Nor can it be wrought out successfully by fine-spun theory. Practical experience, covering sufficient time to determine the new relative positions of supply and demand, affords the only possible solution. The enactment

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of a tariff measure such as that now pending necessarily involves a certain period of industrial depression as a consequence of the inevitable uncertainty of experimentation. It is idle to maintain the contrary and it is equally short-sighted on the part of those in authority to hold out hopes that must, in the light of all experience, prove to be false and consequently disappointing. Far better to be frank with the people and rely upon their good judgment to recognize that so serious an operation, however essential to ultimate health and prosperity, cannot be performed without allowance of time for resuscitation. That is the true and sure way to put into effect a needed reform when merely acting for the best interests of intelligent communities in response to their own command. The time has passed when a political party can succeed through misguidance. It must confide in the common intelligence and must rely upon the common patriotism and the common sense to justify the payment of the comparatively small price requisite to the achievement of a great economic correction. If security lies not that way, fidelity is without shelter and popular government is a failure. And this, we must and do believe, is not the truth.

The one overpowering problem of to-day consists of determining how government can maintain an even balance between aggregations of interests, on the one hand, and the whole people, on the other, protecting the latter against extortion and saving the former from mad assaults.

The solution is not easy to find, for the simple reason that the situation is without precedent. But is not progress being made along sane and cautious lines? But a few years ago the country seemed to be upon the verge of a veritable obsession for government ownership. One political party officially advocated the purchase of coal-mines by the nation. Another demanded that cities acquire all public utilities.

Not so now! Acquaintance with the experience of other countries and reflection upon conditions within our own have convinced a great majority of citizens that while government should and must regulate, it should not and must not own and manage; that while the corporation must not be permitted to dominate and use the state, the state itself must not impair efficiency by possessing the corporation. This I believe to be the crux of American sentiment to-day. It only remains to effect such regulation by law, by fixed and definite

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rule, instead of by officials holding the power of favor and discrimination.

Surely no menace to property or to human rights lies in the striving for such a solution. Both will be safeguarded by its certain finding.

(6) Effects of popular agitation.

There have been demagogues always—demagogues in politics, demagogues in literature, even in the arts and sciences. And there has been and ever will and should be clamor. But is there more than common to-day? Contrast the situation with that of recent years. How long is it since the country was infested with tramps, since an army of malcontents marched under the red banner from Ohio to Washington, since baneful strikes prevailed in industrial centers, since railways were tied up, property was being destroyed and homes rendered desolate, since ghastly religious intolerance portended the clash of arms, since even the specter of polygamy threatened the peace of the nation?

To appreciate our blessings of the present, we must recall the perils of the past. And is it not a fact that those which seemed at the time most ominous have disappeared like mists from the face of the sea? Already profit-sharing, through stock ownership, bids fair to identify the interests of labor and capital and solve the problem that has vexed all industrial countries for ages. Demagogues in public office no longer derive political advantage from permitting riot to supplant order. Incendiary talk has subsided without impairing freedom of speech. Polygamy is a relic of the past. Slowly but surely all Christianizing influences are coming to unite in common endeavor.

Agitation we still have, but it is agitation of another sort. Turbulent Kansas is no longer a hotbed of ignorant and blatant populism, but has become the seat of intelligent insurgency. Throughout the entire West unreasoning clamor has been superseded by enlightened resolution. And the splendid Southland has already risen, like Phœnix, from the ashes of despair to the heights of peace and prosperity. Never in the history of the Republic has there been a time when so few vapors clouded the skies. May we not, then, with reason, anticipate fair weather?

Shortly before he died Professor Sumner, the famous educator and great philosopher of Yale, predicted the downfall

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of the Republic before the year 1950. Such a prophecy from such a source cannot pass unheeded. But it is not new. Macaulay and Carlyle had like anticipations. Theirs, moreover, formed at a time when the nation seemed likely to break in twain, possessed a semblance of reality springing from accurate perception. Can we say the like of Sumner's? Is there not, indeed, at least equal warrant for John Fiske's expressed belief that sooner than we can imagine the United States will "stretch from pole to pole" and ultimately realize the poet's vision of "a parliament of men and the federation of the world." And if so, how much wider immediately becomes our horizon, how much more vital our acts, how much greater our responsibility! Patriotism assumes a new form. It goes beyond fealty to state or even nation; it becomes an obligation to Christendom, an incentive to the service of all humanity. If it be true, as it surely is, that the strength of purposeful narrowness began to fade under the illuminating rays of forbearance with the inauguration of a new era in this country, then clearly the supplanting force is one to be cherished, not only in our relations with other peoples, but among ourselves. No argument need be made to prove that solidarity is a first requisite of national influence. The indissoluble union finally established by force of arms affords living evidence of America's definite and irrevocable recognition of the statement as a fact.

But it is not a mere political Union that is essential to this solidarity before the world. There must be a Union of purpose, a Union of ideals, a Union of hearts, if the highest and noblest aspirations are to be realized. And this can be effected only through the exercise of the power of Tolerance, not for its own sake alone, but for the higher and finer aspiration to which it tends! Do you know that there is only one quality that distinguishes Christianity from a score of other religions? Other religions require faith of one kind or another; other religions inspire hope; but Christianity puts the seal of its supreme approval upon Charity, greater than either—not the charity of giving, but of forbearance, of tolerance, of the brotherhood of man! Here is the foundation, the very cornerstone, of all of our ideals. Ignore it and you drown in the sea of confusion. Despise it and you adopt distrust of all things, human and divine. Forsake it and you bury conscience and love and all of the sweetness of life. Refuse to see it and a cloud sweeps across

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your vision and hides in darkness the sun of inspiration to do for others what you would have them to do for you and those you love. You may not understand, but you *may* believe that:

"What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth;
And not in a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth."

The spirit; yes, the spirit of forbearance that goeth to make the world akin by inducing God's children, if not to love, at least to be patient with, one another.

Far be it from me, while standing in the shadow of Monticello, to decry the insight of Rousseau which gave to Kant the principle of a new philosophy and to Thomas Jefferson his vivid inspiration. The rejection of unjust limitations of the natural man is as essential now as when it was engrafted upon our Constitution by the great sage who sleeps yonder. But advancing civilization constantly demands wider vision. Ours is a reading rather than a seeing century. The general movement of thought has recently taken an idealistic direction, and that is well; but true philosophy teaches us the futility of attempting to pluck the fruit of knowledge before it is ripe. Hence the need of infinite labor and patience, the sympathetic appreciation of the opposing opinions of others and the unsparing criticism of our own. These are the essentials of full realization. Hegel knew this and strove nobly to work out in speculative thought what Christianity had already expressed for the ordinary consciousness. So let our philosophy be the philosophy of reconciliation, to the end that our sons and grandsons may ever realize the splendor of their heritage in mere privilege to live and grow and spread their wings in this most blessed of the nations which God has set up on His footstool.

Our own duty is luminous as day. Hold fast to all things that have proven true, but strive incessantly with wide eyes and open minds for the best and finest that is within our natures to achieve. Faith? Yes. It is the foundation of Christianity. Tolerance? Yes. It is the cornerstone of civilization. And finally patriotism. I wonder sometimes if we quite grasp the full significance of what happened last year. Men were chosen to fill places of highest authority—new men standing for what? For new ideas? For new thought? So they declare and so they believe. But I say

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to you that the names upon the ballots signified little and the aspiration they personified was as old as the Republic itself. The real triumph was Thomas Jefferson's. His was the mind that evolved the principle of faith in the whole people, and it is to that principle that we returned. The rescue of public authority from an oligarchy and its reincarnation in the freemen of America is the glory of our present day. How trifling seem our petty ills in the face of that mighty fact! And how can you who live here and breathe the spirit of the founder of true Democracy fail to be thrilled in every fibre of your being by the swinging back of the national pendulum to government not of nor for but by the people!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE INSPIRERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

To the discussion of any topic which involves conflicting evidence we should bring, not only a critical, but a judicial mind and must cultivate a sense of proportion toward the relative value of the proofs submitted. Suppose, for example, that a great painter recounts in his memoirs that his model was the wife of a certain Gioconda, a carpenter. Subsequently the masterpiece is stolen and the thief writes its history, telling us, perhaps, that it is the portrait of Vittoria Colonna. Would the public exclaim, "We must believe him for he *had* the picture"? Surely not. Yet similar evidence is used by the "Herbertists" in their controversy over "Who inspired Shakespeare's Sonnets?"

Now unless we are obstinate in wishing to completely exclude one, and uphold the other, of the Herbert or Southampton theories, the two need not necessarily conflict, though the only documents legally "good" as evidence support the older tradition, which ascribes to the third Earl of Southampton the original rôle of that fair youth, prototype of Adonis, and subject of the early sonnets.

These documents are the two poems, the only literature published with the known consent of their author, respectively, in 1593 and 1594, by an editor named Field, native of Stratford. Both "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" bear dedications over the signature "William Shakespeare" to the Hon. Henrie Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and the text of these two dedications forms a prose epitome of the earliest sonnet sequence "The Love I bear your Lordship is without end—all I have done is yours, all I have to do, is yours, being part of all I have, devoted yours." The promise of consecrating all "idle hours" to a "Grauer Labour" honoring his patron's name is also significant. Indeed, no one thoroughly conversant with these writings can ignore their spiritual analogy with the subject of the early sonnets, the fair youth who is urged to matrimony, in almost the same language and metaphors as are used by the Goddess in "Venus and Adonis,"

> "Speak of Adonis and his counterfeit
> Is poorly imitated after you."

We see in Miervelt's portrait of Southampton at nineteen, just such an interesting and refined type of beauty as the sonnets describe and even those which bitterly arraign the poet's friend coincide with the "wild" life led by the young earl before his clandestine marriage. In corroboration of this external proof and internal evidence indicating Southampton as that friend of "Beauty, Birth, and Wit" contrasted to the poet "In disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," who has made himself "a motley

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to the view," we have the almost contemporary testimony of Nicholas Rowe in his "Life." "Shakespeare," he says, "had received Uncommon marks of Favour and Friendship from this Earl (of Southampton) who, at one time, gave him a thousand pounds to carry through a purchase he had a mind to, a Bounty very great and very rare at any time." So unusual, indeed, says Rowe, "That I should not have ventured to insert it if it had not been handed down by Sir William d'Avenant."

Compare this statement with the line "I found, or thought I found, you did exceed the barren tender of a poet's debt" and note also that the stanzas which describe the rival poets are recognizable as referring to Marlowe, Chapman, and Nash, all eager to obtain Southampton's favor.

If we examine William Herbert's title as prototype of the youth in question, we find that his father subventioned a company of players who once presented Henry VI., and that it was to William Herbert, himself Earl of Pembroke in 1623, that Shakespeare's friends and fellow-actors, Hemmings and Condell, dedicated their folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. This may, indeed, indicate Pembroke's interest in the dramatic works, but it is still a long way from proving him to have inspired the sonnets.

The whole Herbert theory is grounded on the publisher Thorpe's dedication to his volume containing these poems printed in 1609, whether from original texts or copies is unknown. It is certain, however, that this edition appeared eleven years after the sonnets were well known in the literary centers of the London taverns, for Francis Meres had already referred to them in his handbook of Elizabethan poetry, *Palladis Tamia or Wit's Treasurie,* published in 1598 and speaking in that year of "mellifluous honey-tongued Shakespeare's sugar'd sonnets among his private friends." Now Thomas Thorpe was a well-known "Pirate Publisher," and his volume bears the following inscription: "To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.," and on the concordance of these letters with the initials of William Herbert's name, the whole theory called "Herbertist" is based.

I remember being thrilled at the age of twelve by my supposed discovery that these letters were a misprint, or rather inversion, of H. W., for Henry Wriothesley, and perhaps it is because we become wedded in time to our own ideas that I still believe so at a more advanced age. Graver critics, however, see in the letters W. H. merely a fictitious cipher used to cloak the theft of stolen papers with a semblance of authority; while others think that they refer to "Will Hall" who traffick'd in manuscripts and was consequently dear to the heart of the Piratical Publisher. They point out that the Elizabethan sense of the word "begetter" is more properly "procurer for publication" than "literary inspirer." Be this as it may, it seems to me that all commentators have singularly failed to comprehend the significance of Meres' line, which expressly states that the sonnets were "*among his private friends*" hence, not necessarily addressed to the same person, this fact, indeed, is obvious, for some are to a woman. Critics also ignore another point of interest, even Sir Sidney Lee, who has published a text fac-simile of Thorpe's edition from the "Bodleian" copy, fails to mention that it differs from that of the British Museum, which divides the sonnets into *three distinct*

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groups, cutting, by a marginal interpolation, the sequence at No. 127 with the words "Series II." and at 152 "Series III." It is well known that at No. 127 begins the group of sonnets addressed to a dark woman whose identity is almost as eagerly sought for as is the original of the poet's "Better Angel."

> Two Loves I have of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman color'd ill.

Busy searchers are daily employed in looking up the records of Pembroke's mistresses, but if Pembroke is not the man, surely neither is Mary Fitton the woman in the case; besides, in her interesting book, *Gossip from a Muniment Room,* Lady Newdegate tells us pretty conclusively that Mistress Fitton was a straw color'd "Blonde."

There is positively no evidence to link the poet's name with any of "Cynthia's maids," but I have often wondered if better results might not be obtained by following the rules of modern detective science, as laid down by *Sherlock Holmes,* "never follow an obscure clue when a plain one exists." May we not, outside the charmed and improbable circles of the Court, find some record of a married woman whose name was connected with Shakespeare's and might be with Southampton's as well? Her social status would have to be such, that she could come into easy and familiar contact with a young nobleman "of Quality" and a player, a difficult thing in an epoch when the profession of actress was unknown. And yet record exists of just such a woman, the pretty hostess of a popular inn, situated between Stratford and London.

Three almost contemporary notices of Shakespeare's habits, Anthony à Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis,* Oldys' *Choice Notes,* and Aubrey's *Brief Lives* of contemporaries all state that Shakespeare, in his yearly visits to Stratford, stopped at an Oxford inn owned by a wealthy wine merchant, John Davenant, "a great lover of plays and playmaker's, chiefly Master Shakespeare," and presided over by his wife, "a very beautiful woman," says Aubrey, "of excellent wit and conversation very agreeable." He quotes the dramatist's great affection for the two sons of this couple, William, afterward Sir William d'Avenant, poet-laureate, and the eldest, "Parson Robert, who hath told me master Shakespeare hath given him a hundred kisses." The "pretty wit" of the villager is then quoted who replied to William Davenant "then a little school-boy in the town," who spoke of his "God-father Shakespeare," "My good lad, beware how you take the name of God in vain." Nor does the hint of scandal stop there. William Davenant, who at eleven wrote a pretty ode on the "Remembrance of Master Shakespeare," spoke among his familiars of a closer relation to the bard of Avon, by which, says Aubrey, "his mother had a very light report"; and later, when for the sake of greater "fashion" Sir William placed an apostrophe in his name and announced that the d'Avenants were an old Norman family, a satirical contemporary remarks, "Quite useless, all know that d'Avon-ant comes from Avon." There is a peculiar concordance between the picture of the wealthy vintner's wife and the "Hostess of the Porpentine" ("Comedy of Errors") "A wench of excellent discourse, pretty and witty, wild, and yet too gentle." It is not the *truth* of such scandal, but the fact

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that slander was current, that makes me wonder whether we should not look in Oxford for traces of the "dark syren." I have very interesting corroborative evidence of this theory which I hope some day to publish.

The same conclusion has been reached through different evidence by Mr. Arthur Acheson, who prints in the appendix to his book *Mistress Davenant* the old satirical poem, "Willobie his Avisa" (1594). This poem contains the first printed allusion to Shakespeare as the author of "Lucrece," and deals with the courtship of the "Brittish Lucrece," Hostess of the George tavern in Oxford, by a young nobleman, Mr. H. W., also called "Harry," and an old player W. S. "Willobie his Avisa" is a dull and scurrilous pamphlet, but the fact that it was forbidden by the London censor shows that it was highly offensive to some one in authority, and it seems quite reasonable to suppose that this lengthy and ponderous dramatic dialogue gives us the key to the personalities, as its story shows in base and vulgar form a parody of the Tragic Drama of the Sonnets.

None who hears the cry of remorse and anguish in Shakespeare's poems can doubt that their author traversed a period of great moral suffering.

The serene atmosphere of his later work seems to attest that he came through the fire tempered and ripened. The facts also sustain this hypothesis and explain his Life's Philosophy, "Men must endure their going hence, even as their coming hither, ripeness is all."

CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN.

A FALLACIOUS THEORY

IN your issue of last December, Professor Fisher of Yale discusses "Is the Cost of Living Going Higher?" He shows that the necessities of life have risen fifty per cent. compared with 1895, and concludes that with the yearly large production of gold the cost may go higher and may become unbearable. He presents as a remedy "The stabilization of the gold dollar." In this he is supported by other authorities.

His theory is fallacious, which it is necessary to show, as its agitation may interfere with, defer or annul the current attempts for currency reform, such as happened through agitation for bimetallism in 1894-95.

I have had occasion elsewhere to point out that any surplus gold goes into new enterprises and into commercially backward countries, and that thus any decline in its value is arrested and redressed.

Professor Fisher proposes "a stable dollar," the ratio of which shall be changed periodically, to correspond with a changed "average" of prices of merchandise as per index numbers. In 1895 we were in panic times—other countries were not. We should properly compare prices with 1910, the period before the complaint began here about the higher cost of living. We would find then that prices of commodities have not changed considerably. Moreover, some of the most important ones in aggregate value, such as cotton and wheat, have declined twenty per cent. in recent years, because of larger "supply," while copper and meats have risen as much and more because of a larger "demand." Remedies running counter to natural laws cannot be effective.

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Professor Fisher assumes that the value of the dollar is created by the government. But it cannot command how much the dollar will buy in wheat, cotton, or anything. As to the gold dollar it is worth, of course, as much as the gold contained in it. He further states that the government has "arbitrarily" fixed upon the dollar. It is arbitrary only, if anything done from choice is arbitrary. The government chose to put 25¾ grains 9-10 fine gold into the coin. Whatever the coin had been called would not have changed its content or the value of its quantity.

The government has taken the duty on itself to provide the country with the coins it needs. In order that it may get the necessary gold, it has to waive any charge for the coinage. Jewelers and gold exporters usually pay a small bonus to the Treasury to get bars instead of "dollars." The latter may be abraded a trifle, which may, however, aggregate more than the premium paid—another proof that not the stamp but the gold in the coin gives it value.

Professor Fisher proposes that the Treasury should change the ratio of the dollar as compared with itself, quarterly. To fix a ratio means, as stated by him, that it shall buy and sell at the ratio. Compared with the index numbers of 1895, the ratio would have to be fixed at "over" 35 grains. At whatever it be fixed higher than the 25¾ grains contained in the dollar, the Treasury would have to sell the higher weight for each dollar, while gold-miners would not bring gold of a higher weight and take 25¾ grains for it. He brings arguments to the contrary, yet evidently sees that the Treasury would lose interminably the difference in gold. Therefore he proposes that "we can utilize the gold already in the Treasury for redeeming the 900 million gold certificates" (now 1070 million).

If the Treasury were to pay out more gold from that trust fund than a certificate calls for, it would take it from gold held against other certificates. No wonder that he has to state that "space is lacking for any discussion of the exact way in which it would work." Indeed, it is certain it cannot be "worked" at all. With this impracticability the whole scheme goes to pieces irretrievably. No government can make such losing exchanges.

Professor Fisher's intention is laudable enough. He wants somehow to lighten the people's burden of high-living cost, yet the larger supply of gold enables more people to attain a better scale of living than in past ages when gold was scarce.

In fact, the real complaint is that more than formerly the cost of living is higher *here* than in almost any *other* country. No sufficient explanation of this phenomenon has been given by our economists. It can be distinctly demonstrated, however, that it is due to our defective financial system. Moreover, its defects lead to crises or the menace thereof every year and panics in every decade, eventually followed by "bad times" for the people.

Reform of our financial system is thus the vital issue—not the futile agitation for the fallacy of "a stable dollar."

DAVID OCHS.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

PROBLEMS OF POWER. By WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

IT is perhaps too much to expect that a disquisition upon world-politics should have the coherence of a scientific treatise, or that a writer obviously bent upon the avoidance of doctrinaire theorizing should achieve the effect of philosophical clearness which is often, after all, the specious merit of books that are over-ambitious and fundamentally unsound. Still, it must be said that the title, *Problems of Power* — as suggesting the systematic discussion of a series of definite problems in the light of established principles — promises rather more than the book performs. What Mr. Fullerton gives us is, strictly speaking, neither a thesis nor a history, but a criticism of European politics from Sadowa up to and including the present Balkan crisis. It is the criticism of a man informed, keenly analytical, skilled in the difficult art of giving effective, practical form to somewhat illusive ideas, and of emphasizing truths without overstating them. But the book produces the impression of a series of occasional comments rather than a well-proportioned exposition, and is perhaps more illuminating as to details than enlightening as a whole.

The theme and main premises of the book are plain. The political evolution of modern Europe, as Mr. Fullerton views it, has resulted primarily from the mistaken seizure by Prussia of Alsace and of a part of Lorraine; it has been characterized by the incapacity of the great Powers to solve the Eastern Question; and it has brought about the creation of two hostile groups of virtually allied nations. This political evolution has been modified by two sets of causes: the first consisting of a whole series of economic conditions, the second including national feeling and the growing power of public opinion. On the one hand there is wealth, represented by an oligarchy of bankers to whom modern states, great and small, apply for immense loans, and by great manufacturers and mining proprietors who often combine in international trusts. On the other hand, there is Public Opinion, becoming more and more conscious of its efficacy. Between these two sets of causes there is constant interplay. National feeling, indeed, is at present little more than a self-defensive reaction against those economic and financial conditions which tend to break down the barriers between nations. "The long agony of the several states, which are being gradually throttled by the bonds of international finance and of the labor conditions that have everywhere engendered class war, might be and probably will be prolonged by a series of wars which will aggravate the present tendency of each state to seek to preserve its national traditions and its national integrity; but from any comprehensive point of

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view this revival of nationalism the world over is only the death-throe of the principle of nationality." A factor of equal importance is the relation of idealism to economic necessities. In regard to this, "the interesting fact is that modern peoples seem to crave both ideal moral satisfactions and economic well-being. They want reform as much as they want money. . . . It is likely that the growing love of order, the general desire for reform, and the outburst of nationalism, on the one hand, and, on the other, the recognition of the fact that money is to-day the chief instrument of rapid and successful action, are different aspects of the same state of mind."

More or less within the limits of the general ideas, imperfectly outlined in the preceding paragraph, Mr. Fullerton brings together a vast number of illustrative facts and acute observations. His book is divided into four main parts: the first consisting of a review of world history from Sedan to the "Coup d'Agadir"; the second dealing with the domestic crises of the European states and the foreign policy of the Powers; the third treating of economic factors affecting the political attitude of modern states; and the fourth summing up the present situation. What one has to complain of chiefly in a treatise of such scope is a certain lack of obvious logical correlation and a great uniformity of emphasis. It is interesting to read that "no sociological phenomenon has greater importance to-day than the reappearance of Demos in problems which at certain moments in the past have been debated between a responsible few in the ivory towers of diplomacy"; but it is not altogether easy to trace the progress of this idea through the ensuing pages. Again the chapter devoted to American traits and conditions seems superficial and merely journalistic as compared with the deeper analysis of, for instance, the industrial situation and national temperament of France.

The student of international affairs may well find *Problems of Power* an intensely interesting book. No one, indeed, can read it without gaining at least a degree of insight into the European situation, or without absorbing a healthy skepticism with regard to utopian schemes of arbitration, disarmament, and universal peace. The book is skilfully written in that pointed and picturesquely metaphorical style which is perhaps best suited to enliven and clarify a subject tending in the nature of things toward indefiniteness and technicality.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REVOLUTION. By GUSTAVE LE BON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913.

History as viewed from the psychological standpoint in M. Le Bon's latest treatise proves interesting and instructive rather as correcting errors of theory and prejudice than as giving profound insight into the mysterious causes that determine events. "Human nature must be accepted as it is"—this statement, reiterated in many forms and applied to a variety of phenomena, expresses the real theme of the book. In the development of this general thesis certain laws of collective human action are formulated. Some of these seem rather obvious. That "a crowd never has any opinion but that of its leaders"; that emotion in a crowd, and, above all, in an assembly oppressed by fear, is contagious—such truths belong in a sense to common knowledge. M. Le Bon, however, has de-

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termined these and other principles with exactness. He applies them with thoroughness and perspicacity to revolutionary manifestations, and especially to the events and men of the French Revolution.

The reader soon becomes convinced of the general value of the psychological method in the elucidation of historic facts. To begin with, being a scientific method, it secures real impartiality. It is, moreover, a destructive solvent of illusions, and M. Le Bon has no difficulty in pointing out many errors both of historians and of governments. We are further inclined to welcome the psychologic point of view by the fact that it measurably frees us from "the banal law that a phenomenon is simply the result of previous phenomena," and, by restoring "the rôle of petty accessory circumstances in great events," restores also much of the dramatic and human interest of historic narrative.

On the whole, M. Le Bon sheds real light upon the events which he discusses, and he quite freely persuades us that psychology is an often-neglected factor, to be reckoned with in the philosophy of history. At the same time we cannot help feeling that his book suffers somewhat from an over-elaborate classification, leading to substantial repetition of ideas, and from a certain pedantry of phraseology which is occasionally exasperating, despite the general lucidity and grace of his style.

Little is gained, it seems, by the inclusion of scientific with religious and political revolutions in the general discussion with which the book begins, though the analysis of religious revolutions, as showing the tremendous power of essentially irrational belief, helps greatly toward an understanding of the analogous political phenomena. Considering the abstract idea of the *People*—"that mysterious fetish which revolutionists have revered for more than a century"—M. Le Bon finds that it may be decomposed into two distinct categories, of which the first includes the majority of workers—which never caused a revolution—while the second consists of "a subversive social residue dominated by a criminal mentality." It is the latter class, of course, which supplies the materials of revolutions.

The next topic of prime importance to be dealt with is the variation of individual character in time of revolution and turmoil—a phenomenon the reality of which is easily established. "These variations of character," writes the author in one of those passages which make us wonder whether a simpler treatment of the whole subject would not have sufficed—"these variations, being conditioned by certain common aspirations and identical changes of environment, finally become concrete in a small number of fairly homogenous mentalities." Of these he distinguishes four. The mystic mentality illustrates the power of beliefs cherished with religious fervor. In the Jacobin mentality the mystic element is allied with feeble reason and strong passions. A Jacobin is not, as has been thought, a pre-eminently reasoning creature. He is simply "a mystic who has replaced old divinities by new gods." The revolutionary mentality is characterized by discontent combined with the mystic tendency; and the criminal mentality hardly needs definition. In treating this part of his subject M. Le Bon says so much that is to the point and says it so well that we are all the more inclined to wish away the formal method and the not mutually exclusive classifications.

The psychology of revolutionary assemblies and of revolutionary clubs is found to resemble the psychology of crowds, an assembly being regarded

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as formed of superimposed and heterogeneous crowds. The influence of homogeneous groups upon its members is greatest; but if the group is heterogenous, "this action is still considerable, either because the more powerful groups of an assembly will dominate the rest or because certain contagious sentiments will extend themselves to all the members of an assembly."

In its very origin the French Revolution may be regarded as a psychological affair. The government of Louis XVI., M. Le Bon points out, was far from being absolute. It was supported chiefly by tradition and by the doctrine of divine right. Moreover, it can be shown that the misery of the peasants during the period preceding the Revolution has been grossly exaggerated. The immediate cause which led to the destruction of the *ancien régime* was the jealousy of the bourgeoisie toward the nobles, rather than the intolerable poverty of the laboring classes. Neither can rational thought be accepted as a direct cause. "The actual influence of the philosophers in the genesis of the Revolution was not that which is attributed to them. They revealed nothing new, but they developed the critical spirit which no dogma can resist once the way is prepared for its downfall." Their ideas percolating downward operated simply by destroying respect for tradition and prestige, and not by producing rational convictions.

Having established his general principles and definitions, M. Le Bon proceeds to apply them to various phases of the French Revolution. The result is enlightening and corrective of false conceptions. The author, despite his systematic method, or perhaps because of it, writes somewhat discursively. He detains us rather long while he explodes anew the false ideal of equality and proves that human nature cannot be changed by laws. But his book is generally sound, and it is stimulating even where it is diffuse.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. By JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1913.

The full significance, the full tragedy, the whole mechanism of a great battle—these are things hard to grasp. Not only is information scattered and difficult of access, but the entire phenomenon is of a complexity requiring profound study. When, however, it is given us through the labors of another to understand, as a whole and in detail, such a battle as that of Gettysburg, we feel that we are privileged to be present at the most tremendous scene of one of the greatest dramas in history.

Such is the effect produced upon us by Jesse Bowman Young's *The Battle of Gettysburg*. The book has the earnestness, the sense of the grim realities of war, that one expects in the reminiscences of a veteran. It has also a comprehensiveness and thoroughness which could only result from years of investigation and careful study. The author, he tells us, "although but a stripling, was an officer in the battle." Attached to the staff of Brigadier-General Andrew A. Humphreys, he had somewhat exceptional opportunities to be in personal touch with the great movement. His residence in the Cumberland Valley for a dozen years after the war, during which his duties as a "circuit-rider" led him gradually over all the roads traversed by the two armies explains

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the remarkable topographical clearness and the pictorial reality of his narrative. In reading it we become aware that we are receiving knowledge obtained as nearly as possible at first hand—we are reading the narrative of a man who has studied every foot of the battlefield and who knows the whole region with the knowledge of familiarity. "Many circumstances," he writes, "tended to reproduce the shifting scenes and manœuvers of the campaign and battle before my imagination, and to inscribe them in my soul." Imaginative maturing of the subject in the author's mind, familiarity with the scene, a constant desire to know the minute details of the truth for one's own satisfaction, these are influences tending to produce a book of unique interest.

Of course the author has drawn freely upon available written sources of information, but his book is far from being in the nature of a compilation. He has made a true nexus of his facts, and his carefully-thought-out opinions as well as his fresh assembling of material give his narrative historic value. With the enthusiasm of the historian who lives in the events which he describes, Mr. Young has gathered up and sifted traditions, anecdotes, every sort of fact that would add to the human interest of his book. He has sketched the career and character of every person of importance who took part in the engagement on either side. With an extraordinary approximation to completeness, he has determined the personnel of both the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia. He has shirked no side of his subject. The causes that led to the battle, the motives and plans of the commanders, the pivotal issues which the engagement decided, all are discussed with thoroughness and insight. In the narrative of the battle itself he succeeds remarkably in making a difficult matter plain, without sacrifice of essential detail, and in bringing past events vividly before the mind. Comprehensiveness, clearness, human interest, and the indefinable power which is the reflex of the author's own personality and point of view—these are qualities that make *The Battle of Gettysburg* not only a valuable source of information, but a book to be read for its own sake.

THE MASTERS OF MODERN FRENCH CRITICISM. By IRVING BABBITT. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1912.

This is one of those rare books in which the value of sound fundamental distinctions, thought out to their ultimate implications, makes itself felt on every page, while logical severity, far from resulting in dry dogmatism, lends itself to the play of wit and esthetic perceptiveness. To describe Professor Babbitt's book as merely the detailed and conscientious development of a thesis would be most misleading; yet it derives its essential worth and much of its felicity of statement from the author's recognition of the vital relation of the problem of the One and the Many—that problem over which, as William James declared, the average person "does not lose much sleep"—to literature and to life. In the consideration of this problem, the literary critic, as Professor Babbitt makes increasingly plain, should be "willing to meet the philosopher half-way."

If we are to have any really thinkable critical standard—this is the thought that gives continuity to the whole treatise and leaves the final

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impression upon the reader's mind—if we are to have a really thinkable and workable critical standard, we must oppose the excesses of romanticism and of both scientific and romantic naturalism. Practically the problem we have to solve is to find some middle ground between the rigid external critical standards of a certain type of seventeenth-century critic and the mere impressionism so current to-day. "What is most needed just now is not great doctors of relativity, like Renan and Sainte-Beuve, but rather a critic who, without being at all rigid or reactionary, can carry into his work the sense of standards that are set above individual caprice."

Such a standard can be defined only through intuition—but there is intuition and intuition. There is the intuition of the One and the intuition of the Many; there is perception of a unifying principle which leads to judicial criticism, and there is the perception of the "flux" that leads at best to appreciation and sympathy—and at worst to romanticism and "the humanitarian fallacy." Clearing away the ambiguity which clings to such words as "heart," "soul," and "intuition," and defining the "planes of being," spiritual, humanistic, and naturalistic, which determine the forms of opinion, the author proceeds to consider the great French critics of the nineteenth century in the light of definite principles. Thus Madame de Staël through "the inordinate emphasis she placed upon the elements of originality and self-expression" illustrates the essential weakness of that general romantic attack upon formalism which "discarded the idea of law itself along with the conventionalities in which it had got imbedded." Joubert approaches somewhat nearly the author's ideal critic in that, unlike such moderns as James and Bergson, he was intuitive in both the Rousseauist and the Platonic sense. Chateaubriand exhibits "a somewhat baffling interplay of classical, pseudo-classical, and romantic elements." What his contemporaries listened to, however, was his plea for sympathy and enthusiasm—his saying, for example, that "the time has come to substitute for the petty criticism of faults the great and fruitful criticism of beauties." An analysis of Sainte-Beuve reveals "the interplay and at times conflict of naturalism and humanism." As a scientific naturalist he believed in progress, while as a humanist he believed in decadence. Again, "as a humanist he protests against the violence and excess of Hugo's romanticism, and against the violence and excess of naturalism of Balzac." Yet "like a modern pragmatist, he escapes from the formulæ of the intellectualist by his lively intuitions of the Many, and not, like a Platonist by his intuitions of the One."

In a similar spirit, Professor Babbitt writes of Scherer, who had "no countervailing intuition of the One to oppose to his perception of the Many," yet "sometimes appeals from the philosophy of the flux in part to common sense, in part to tradition"; of Taine, who was on one side wholly romantic, and whose "aspiration toward a sort of vegetable felicity" is thoroughly Rousseauistic; and of Brunetière, who as an opponent of the naturalistic movement testifies to its strength by his anxiety to enlist on its scientific if not on its esthetic side.

It would be unfair not to insist upon the fact that Professor Babbitt's sanity and brilliancy are not confined to the expression of philosophical views. His method permits of all the kinds of insight into character

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and literary method which makes criticism valuable. His power of literary characterization may be illustrated by this sentence upon Brunetière: "The arguments are clamped and mortised together by logical connections, and push forward in menacing array in a manner that suggests the advance of Roman legionaries with interlocked shields." But the book is chiefly significant as standing in the forefront of modern thought, representing a tendency toward moral and intellectual health that is making slow headway against the many contrary tendencies that have beset the immediate past and are besetting the present.

WAY STATIONS. By ELIZABETH ROBINS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1913.

Miss Robins's book is made up of a series of public speeches and occasional articles, connected by a tissue of condensed but lively narrative tracing the progress of the suffrage movement in England from its inception. The volume by no means provides a systematic exposition of the philosophy of "votes for women," and it suffers somewhat from the superficiality incident to special pleading, however earnest. But with these cautions the book may be recommended to the general reader. Elegant and forceful exhortation is always readable for its own sake, and it is often more efficacious in sweeping away prejudice than unemotional and carefully condensed argument could be. In many cases Miss Robins neatly and completely demolishes the stock arguments against equal suffrage, and she states her views with such clarity and sharpness that those who are not convinced by them will at least be awakened to a perception of the reasonableness of what has perhaps seemed an impossible point of view. In such a conflict as that waged over equal suffrage—a conflict of points of view, of pseudo-scientific opinions, and of prejudices in some cases almost inconceivably silly—such a book as *Way Stations* will help to clear away misunderstandings. It takes us, moreover, into the heart of the conflict. Miss Robins's sentences ring; we feel ourselves present at the meetings at which her speeches were delivered, and join in the applause. If her zeal for the cause carries her, in the defense of militancy, further than most of us would be willing to follow, no one need be either offended or deceived. The book is neither fanatical in spirit nor subtly sophistical in argument. On the contrary, it gives an impression of fairness and practical efficiency that wins favor for the cause it represents. Informingly it emphasizes the strength of the woman's movement and makes us feel wholesomely ashamed of ourselves for not knowing more of it than we do. *Way Stations* contains no startlingly novel doctrines; it is energetically persuasive rather than sweepingly convincing. It is, however, a thoroughly readable book, and a book that it would be good for people of all shades of opinion to read.

PLAYS BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated by EDWIN BJÖRKMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

The plays presented in this volume are "The Gauntlet," "Beyond Our Power," and "The New System." The ideas expressed in these dramas

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no longer seem daring or revolutionary, but Björnson's expression of them has the power of shocking us into a deeper consciousness. The attack upon the double standard of morality for men and women in "The Gauntlet" may both thrill us and make us think, though the injustice of the two separate codes has become almost a commonplace of speech and writing. So in "Beyond Our Power" we may be disappointed if we expect to find a novel, subtly tragic conception. Few of us are vitally concerned in the question of the possibility of miracles, and our attitude is one of wonder that the failure of a miracle should furnish a tragic crisis. Yet the author puts his thought into terms so poignantly human that in reading his play we pass through the stages of doubt, faith, and disillusion, with some approach to the intensity of an entirely fresh inward experience. A love of the truth for itself gives to Björnson's dramas a positive poetic fervor. Skepticism becomes inspiration, and the pathos of faith, the nobility of doubt, become humanized into motives more appealing than the commoner human sentiments. The dramatist has a trick of startling us by his very simplicity, and his plays develop from conversations threatening to be tedious into situations of unexpected and concentrated, yet quite natural, emotional tension. Such a startling yet natural effect is produced in "Beyond Our Power," when the miracle-working pastor brings his children to pray with him at the bedside of his sick wife—an effect so simply and affectingly idyllic that it renders the ensuing tragedy at once convincing and cruel as only the truth can be. As to "The New System," Björnson himself declared that its interest was psychological rather than dramatic. To the reader, however, it is of all the deeper interest because it dwells upon the author's final philosophy of life, laying dramatic stress upon the admonition to "live in truth" that we may advance toward perfection "through a frank acknowledgment of our innermost natures." In all three plays clearness of vision and unequivocally forceful expression result in esthetic pleasure. The white light that illuminates every detail of thought or action to the point of producing an effect of bareness does not, however, destroy human interest. The dialogue—so unlike what any one might be expected to say, so exactly like what human beings do actually think and feel—is as fascinating as a new language. On the whole, we shall not read Björnson for the sake of the intellectual excitement which new ideas produce in us, but we shall read him because he makes what seem the coldest conclusions of skepticism or common sense warm with human significance.

THE FARMER OF TO-MORROW. BY FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

There is both commercial common sense and sound analysis of scientific fact in this book, which has an important bearing upon the so-called "back-to-the-land" movement. Commercially, the point of emphasis is the fact, made clear in a variety of ways, that the farmer of to-day cannot compete with the farmer of yesterday. Scientifically, the book shows that the soil is in no real danger of exhaustion, despite much current teaching to the contrary.

Farming, Mr. Anderson shows, is to all intents a subsidized industry.

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The farmer of yesterday paid little or nothing for the land—his plant. In large part the land was originally a gift from the government. Not only has he no interest to reckon upon an original investment, but his land has increased greatly in value. Now that the government has no more land to give away, the city dweller who would go back to the land finds that the amount of capital demanded is great and that the returns are relatively small. As yet business farming cannot compete successfully with the old order of things.

Increased efficiency is not the key to the problem. A few years ago potato-growers in Maine became so efficient that they were forced to sell out at eleven cents a bushel. "The so-called 'intelligent culture,'" declares the author, "is of no more use to the farmer than his boot-straps would be to pull him out of the mire. Until the world is hungry enough to finance the farmer, or until the middlemen give him more than thirty-five cents of the consumer's dollar, text-book farming will remain a dogma and nothing more."

What then is the prospect for the farmer of to-morrow? "He must either speed up the rate of production on fat, highly capitalized corn-belt acres by means of an additional expenditure of capital, or else look about him for raw, non-producing land, upon which to expend his labor to fit it as a competitor of the fat acres which are beyond his means." As a "gleaner" he will find his chief opportunity. Drainage will add to the farmer's "floor space" an ultimate area as large as the whole of France. Irrigation—which, however, requires considerably more capital—will add about fifty million acres—an area larger than the State of New York. Much may be accomplished by the selection of crops which are able to thrive on arid land. Finally the gleaner will find a field for his activities in the wooded territory in the north of the corn-belt regions—notably in Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota.

He will not use expensive methods of intensive culture, yet he will profit by an increase of scientific knowledge. "Specialization"—the adaptation of crops to the individual characteristics of his land—will be his greatest aid. The Department of Agriculture is even now endeavoring to supply him with the equivalent of that traditional knowledge which is the most effective tool of the European farmer. It is, so to speak, "manufacturing tradition in pill form." To sum up, "the maximum efficiency of the plant of the American farmer will be attained when the last refractory acre is reclaimed and each individual acre is devoted to the type of agriculture bringing the maximum returns."

Whatever may be the economic conditions which the farmer of to-morrow must face, he need not dread the ultimate exhaustion of the soil. While it is true that experts who have followed in the path of Liebig and accepted his theories unhesitatingly declare that the soil "wears out," the researches of the Bureau of Soils has led to the contrary conclusion. Soils "get tired," it seems—they even produce fatigue poisons which may be isolated in the laboratory—but they do not "wear out." It becomes reasonably clear that the soil is indeed "the one immutable asset of the nation"—that "it can be impaired by use, but never destroyed."

Mr. Anderson has produced a book of large general interest—informing, lively in style, and not too technical.

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